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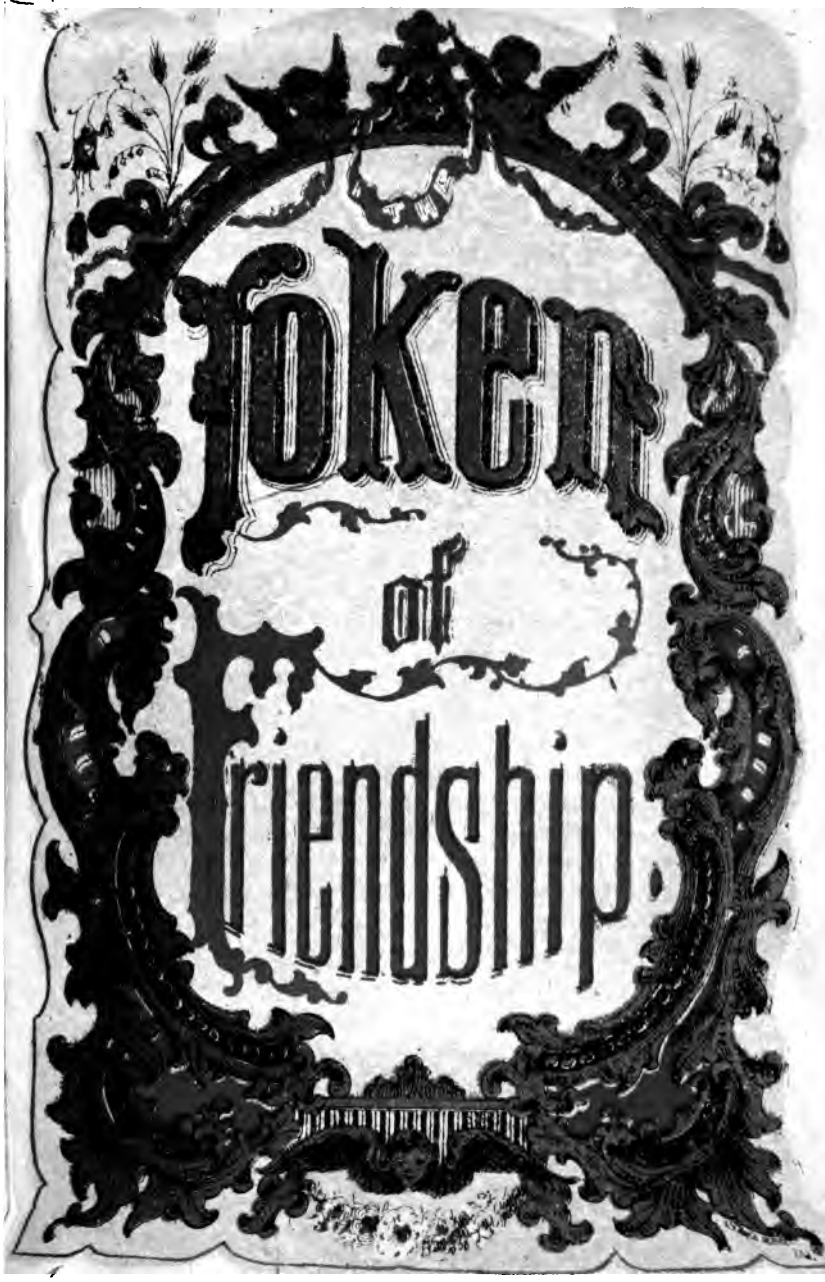
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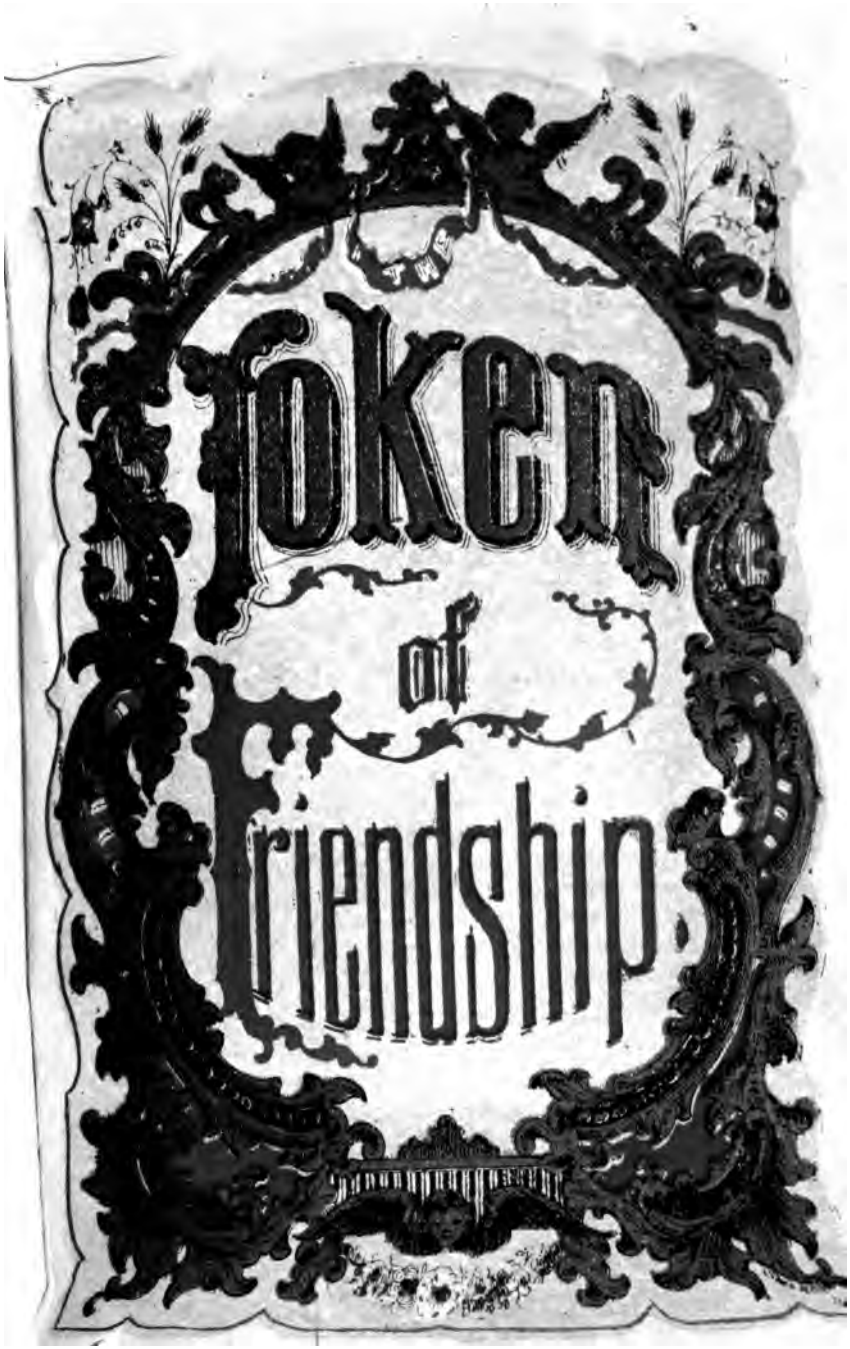
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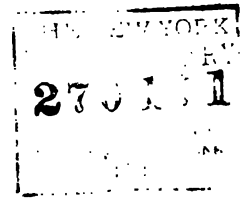
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In issuing a Gift Book of the character of the present volume, something in the form of a preface is expected; but, as the editor of the Token is of an opinion that prefatory remarks, to a work of this kind, are entirely useless, she will venture the present volume on the sea of public opinion, without the usual introduction, trusting it will be found to compare favorably with its many competitors, both in regard to its engravings and typography, and that the same will be found a pleasing and interesting volume, as well as an agreeable one for the purpose for which it is intended.

August, 1852

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THE

TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE old man he is dead, young heir,
And gone to his long account;
Come stand on his hearth, and sit in his chair,
And into his saddle mount.

The old man's face was a face to be feared,
But thine both loving and gay;
O, who would not choose for that stern white beard
A bright young cheek alway!

The old man he had outlived them all,
His friends, he said, were gone;
But hundreds are wassailing now in the hall,
And true friends every one!

The old man moaned both sore and long
Of pleasures past, he said;
But pleasures to come are the young heir's song,
The living, not the dead!

The old man babbled of old regrets,
Alack! how much he owed;
But the young heir has not a feather of debts
His heart withal to load!

The old man used to shudder, and seem
Remembering secret sin;
But the happy young heir is as if in a dream,
Paradise all within!

Alas! for the old man, — where is he now?
And fear for thyself, young heir;
For he was innocent once as thou,
As ruddy, and blithe and fair:

Reap wisdom from his furrowed face,
Cull counsel from his fear;
O speed thee, young heir, in gifts and in grace,
And blessings on thee, — New Year!

"WHEN LIFE HATH SORROW FOUND."

"When life hath sorrow found,
Fond words may falter;
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.
No, though in grief we part,
Meet in dejection,
Tears but expand the heart,
Ripen affection.
When life hath sorrow found,
Fond words may falter;
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.

"When o'er a distant sea,
When griefs are nearest,
Still will I think of thee,
Still love thee, dearest.
Tired hope may, like the rose,
Fade 'neath time's fleetness,
Yet yield each blast that blows
Half its own sweetness.
When life hath sorrow found,
Fond words may falter;
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter."

LUCY HINCHLIFF,

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY THOMAS CAMPION.

The lark went up to heaven, seeming to beat his breast against the ancient sky; yet tiny speck as he was — scarcely discernible to the keenest vision — his song was audible to Lucy Hinchliff in her mother's little garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden — it was a very modest, very little garden — looked up at the lark once more, received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waved her adieux, and closed the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we lived, a better girl, a prettier girl, a more loving, more dutiful daughter, than Lucy Hinchliff. She first attracted our attention when we went, with satchel on our back, willingly enough to school. She was younger by two years than ourselves — a little, timid thing, as we remember her. She

had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag, (for we dined at school,) fearing that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy that we did not commit ourselves by the insult, than if we had realized our early dreams, those bubbles bred in a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation took Lucy away to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept his carriage, and his servants, and cast bread to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? who has tasted, besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown too severely upon her cook or footman. They would resent it, and would seek another place. But the poor governess! That *she* will resign her engagement is not apprehended. And are there not dozens — scores, who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the histrionic art, and the life of the daily gov-

erness, in meagre circumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchliff closed the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for to tell a homely truth, her shoes — well nigh worn out — were far from being water-proof. She had sat all day with wet feet once before, from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had few acquaintances on the road she traversed — though she was familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen — they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening. The green-grocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get the breakfast, for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad. The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex. He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him after the child that was scalded — a frightful accident that — or whether his eldest girl was at service yet, and other little queries. "There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Her's is a hard life, poor thing!"

"Not hard at all, Mister Marten," retorted

Dame Wringlinen on one occasion. "Hard, indeed! I think she 's got a very easy berth o't. Put her over a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning's work, and see what she 'd make o't."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-keeper, significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced the instructions of the day, was a very nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous people, she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. Why had they a bell, if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks? Once, in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a palpitating double knock, and then Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption. "Miss — Miss — I forget your name — " Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of a humble dependant, and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliff, ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hinchliff. Well, Miss Hinchliff, if, for the future, you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and, as I am in my deshabille, it set me all in a flutter — you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded to be so much in fashion as to own to the possession of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robert Smith, when the governess had taken off her bonnet and shawl on the morning we make her acquaintance; "*are* you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I have been so much engaged — I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous; you cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-morrow."

God pity her. She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robert Smith.

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinchliff,' said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian? Priscilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy, ma'am," replied Lucy, brightening up.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read — he is a great reader, as you know — that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name — a kind of playhouse thing."

"Which was that, ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastasio.

"You ought to tell *me*," replied the lady. "You know, of course — the pretty Italian poem with the playhouse name."

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy*, ma'am?"

"Yes, that is it — a very pretty poem — is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, ma'am."

"Yes, pretty or fine — that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if 'tis a comedy, it shouldn't be called *Divine*."

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divina Commedia* was not a play in five acts, with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer; "something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark — his remarks are so to the purpose — that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the

terms, Mr. Robert Smith says you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy, astonished.

"If you object, of course, we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian for the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health. Need we say that she was "too happy" to teach Italian without remuneration, under the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hinchliff was not only in failing health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses first, and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found that her parent had been obliged to retire to bed. The servant, alarmed by her mistress' condition, had called in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her young life. When one that we dearly love is stricken down to die, we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot therein.

She had to practise the quadrilles that night, on her hired piano, in fulfilment of the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing, restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quadrille music in the house, on whose threshold, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer, stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do *that*, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had ever known — for the heart measures the hours, not the clock — a watcher by her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured forth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy grass, she undressed herself, and went to her own chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent when, with many fears and with one of the saddest hearts that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant, diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained too, and the water soaked through the leaky shoes. She had no smile for the toll-gate keeper. He saw that she was sad, and contented himself with a touch of his hat, by way of recognition. He was sad too, for the scalded child had died during the night. "Best

not to tell her now," he thought; "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her. She had indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your time Miss Hinchliff. I never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry, Ma'am; but I left my mother at home very ill — dying, ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, bursting into tears.

"Dying! dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement — and you have a character to keep up — but as you are come, you can set Priscilla's mind at ease; she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I — I was unable to run them through last night, ma'am," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are *not* ready with those quadrilles again, Miss Hinchliff!" exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith; "really, at your age, a young woman should know the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy, appealingly.

"Of course, I take all that into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise.

However, I will excuse you since your mother is dying; only don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning, of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my own grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one ——"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books, her French ones came so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were at Priscilla's service?

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been, as the neighbor said, delirious during her absence. Lucy asked herself whether she should practise the quadrilles. She was not long in deciding. Though they should go without bread, she would not forget her duty as a daughter. Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hinchliff, but also professed to include Spanish. When Lucy was admitted the next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arrangements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary. The poor girl was not at all cast down by

this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying at home? She would not be obliged to leave her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation brought a cool answer back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to "keep her character."

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which are so many faces, and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the toll-gate keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death, she was compelled to resign another of her engagements; her employer, a widower, having made dishonorable proposals to her. She advertised in the papers, but could not meet with an appointment. She had removed into lodgings now.

One night — it was a cold, rainy November night — Lucy Hinchliff sat in her little room by her fire, much pondering over many things, but chiefest what it was fitting for a young girl like her to do, who being so unprotected, was exposed to so many insults. She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantle-shelf, and seemed to ask advice of the dead. But the dead

replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled. Only the rain beat against the window-panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded as from determined, sturdy knuckles. The governess started, and cried, "Come in," and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was formerly. No. He wore a bran new suit of superfine Saxony cloth, and a gold watch-guard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman. And in the heart besides — in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for intruding upon you," he said, bashfully. "I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

Lucy bowed. She thought she had misunderstood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately, Miss — a very large fortune — a matter of a thousand a year. I knew no more of it, three months ago, bless you, than the man in the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly," said Lucy, vacantly. She thought she was dreaming.

"And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us — we lives in a fine house now — and be one of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we should take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was not a whit the nearer waking.

"And if you would think two hundred pounds a year, and a room of your own, enough, it is yours to-morrow; and that's all about it."

The speaker, in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and breathed freely. But he recollected himself, and took his hat off again.

"You wish me to be governess to your children. Do I understand you aright?" said Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes, Miss, if you please; and if two hundred a year would satisfy you, why — why it's done, and that's just where it is."

"I thank God!" cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

It was all true — that was the best of it. The man had really inherited a large fortune, left him by some relative, hitherto unheard of. And was not his early thought about the poor governess, who gave him a good word every morning, and inquired after Billy, who was scalded? Yes

for he had heard of her mother's death, and the proud consciousness of being able to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much as the possession of a thousand pounds per annum. Lucy, of course, would not consent to receive the salary he had named. How it was finally settled, this chronicler knows not; but Lucy dwells with the *quondam* toll-keeper, and looks happy — very happy.

A small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the purpose, to Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke-Newington.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY MRS. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

The heat of day is passed, and summer's eve
With zephyr wing has fanned the glowing earth;
The perfumed air is filled with song of birds,
And music of the streams, the hum of bees,
The shepherd's pipe, and lowing of the kine:
So let us leave the dull and dusty town,
And bend our steps across the cowslip field,
Where at the bottom runs a little brook,
Watering the garden of our childhood's school.

* * * * * *

And now we stand upon the wooden bridge—
The same old plank which, long, long years ago,
Creaked even then beneath our tiny feet,
As, pausing to take breath, we reached the gate
Just as the church-clock struck the hour of nine.
There is the house!—the casement opened wide;
And peeping through the honeysuckle leaves
Are tearful eyes,—a truant child with book
In hand—but not in heart—she cannot learn
The task, for weeping o'er her faults, which caused disgrace.

Come, let us seek her pardon now,
For sorrow should not stain the youthful cheek,
But may give place where penitence is seen!
There is the mistress, worn, and stern, and gray;
How beautiful she was when we were young!
Dost thou remember, when our work was o'er,
How on that rustic seat, half hidden now
By moss and ivy which we planted there,
She sang us ancient ballads of our land,—
Or told with gentle voice sweet fairy tales
To wondering listeners, who in after years
Look back upon those recreations pure—
The one green spot amid the world's drear waste.
And she, the empress of that magic realm,
Is powerless now, her sunless stream of life
Flows on with no bright flowers on its breast;
From morn till night she bears the withering fate
Of toiling for *herself;* know ye what 't is
To aid a parent as she feebler grows?
If so, ye can define her depth of woe
When first she gazed upon the unpressed couch,
The vacant chair,—the breakfast-table spread,
And no beloved or cherished one to share
The simple hard-earned meal.
Peace to the dead!
The mother sleeps beneath the churchyard turf,
And he who wooed and won her daughter's heart
Has gained a richer bride—a common tale,
But not less true, and not less anguish-fraught.

Hush! she observes us, and her pale lips wear
The smile of happier times; her trembling hand
Clasps mine, and as of old she welcomes me,—
I feel as if I were once more a child.

WOMAN AND DOMESTICS.

BY CATHERINE BARMBY.

THAT there is a vast amount of evil and suffering throughout the ramifications of society, is the general admission. It should also be evident that a great mass of the misery endured is caused by the imperfect forms which constitute our present social condition. Appeals are made to the legislature, and petitions are forwarded to the government, with the expectation that relief will be obtained; while, at the same time, it may clearly be seen that neither the legislature nor the government can fully effect the remedy, and that we are neglecting our own duty, and disobeying the dictates of our common sense, in asking others to do that which we can best do ourselves.

To reörganize society, to render it more blessed and happier, its domestic condition has to be improved. Now domestics form a sphere which belongs essentially to woman. It is her absolute province; in it she reigns queen, and man cannot, if he would, deprive her of her sovereignty, because it has been allotted to her by that wisdom whose decrees human power or will is not able to withstand. Think of it as we may, the

laws and order of society are, in their origin, divine — hence the woe that follows our transgressions. If we sow the storm, we reap the whirlwind. So fares it in all parts of God's earth. And thus, it is not so much contradictory change, as further development, that is needed.

Customs and habits, private and public manners, dress, and the whole circle of home duties, are included in domestics. It is surely as important then as politics, and as difficult to regulate. Yet it is not the Houses of Representatives that can legislate for it; for the reason that women do not deliberate, and cannot pass their judgment, in them.

The workings of society in its state of civilization have revealed, partially, the true order of nature in the division of duties for the sexes. To the woman, the interior or household economics; to the man, the exterior or politics. Both are valuable, and have elements in common together. Man should not be entirely ignorant of home management, nor should woman be left unacquainted with laws and governmental policy. Their own and their children's welfare are connected with both; and therefore, to the mother and the father, they stand each as a great subject. Civilization, hitherto, it is not to be lost sight of, has influenced woman only materially

in the discharge of her home duties. It has taught her to barter, to buy the cap and gown cheap, careless of the ruin she may bring down upon the seller. Competition, in its lowest grades, has received the greatest enconragement from woman. The sufferings of fellow-creatures have not been thought of, when shillings and sixpences were to be saved. Dress and furniture, company and so-called amusement, the rivalry, jealousy, and wretchedness they have engendered, render them in their very enumeration terrifying, and make us hurry to get away from their reviewal.

Civilization has not finished her work. She, like an educating parent, will perfect in her adult what she could only commence with her infant children. She will now teach woman spiritually the devotion of her home duties!—to become a priestess, even at her hearth-side! Elevated and strengthened, her footsteps on the earth rendered steady and secure, how rejoicingly will she live in the land where she now mourns and dwells a stranger!

The instruction of woman in her higher, more spiritual, home duties, is one of the greatest wants of the age. It is becoming more and more apparent, and, if not speedily attended to, will be a most serious drawback to the progress now sought to be made.

The delicate machinery of domestic life is ever at work, producing countless shades of joy and gloom. It is from the flame of the domestic hearth that the warmth and lustre of some of life's most refined relations are derived. Would that this flame shone more brightly now! beamed forth more divinely, holily! That the abodes of our people were more cheered by its rays! That the dwellers at our hearths were more conscious of its presence. How general is poverty! how wide-spread is misery! Fearful is the unrighteousness of society! frightful are its responsibilities!

Why goes forth that man this Saturday evening from the roof under which his children live? Why turns he from their engaging little attempts to detain him, and roughly moves them away, while he loves them dearly? Why sits another by his fire, sullen, discontented, unwilling to speak the kindly word, while his heart is yearning for converse and enjoyment? Why flies the cruel speech to her for whom the bosom's strongest affection is nourished? And why, searching into deeper depths, why does man become so often a tyrant, so often a criminal, in his home? Truth has to be told; but, oh! listen to it kindly, for it is hard to tell.

It is because woman does not truly appreciate her mission in domestic life. Under the present

conditions of existence, she has become weighed down by cares. As a wife she is different from what she was as a maiden. She is ever employed in drudgery for her children and her household. She neglects her dress; she forgets her manners. Her husband sees the change, and does not perhaps find sufficient excuse for it from the conditions she labors under. He flies to the tavern and billiard table. And she increases in sourness and asperity as she increases in years. That much of this is owing to the present circumstances of social life, is true; but that much of it is chargeable to a sad submission to those circumstances, is also but too true. It is more or less in the power of women to make their domestic life more attractive to their husbands, and more holy in its disciplines and ends, than they now do. A greater regularity in time — a greater simplicity in dress — a more determined adherence to that which is right in one's own eyes, rather than that which is well thought of in the eyes of others — an orderly apportioning of various periods for different occupations — would make evenings at home pass away very differently to what, in the great majority of cases, they now are doing.

If the wife will begin to wish her husband to read the last new periodical, while she is mending his stockings; if, even while at work herself,

she will now and then talk to her children of that which is good and pleasant, as a priestess should talk — and every mother has a priestly office — she will hallow and lighten her own labor, and for her household a blessed reform will, in domestics, have commenced.

Oh, for a power to hasten this period! Oh, that one might abide the dawning of that bright day when domestic love and family enjoyment crown the great social destiny of humanity! Then might one depart in peace, and the beams of the *good time come* be over us, and death be hallowed by the sanctification of life. Follow out God's laws, work in his holy order, do all things in season, leaving nought undone that should be done, and full surely this divine, this perfecting labor of human existence, will be consummated.

A SONG, SENT WITH A ROSE.

BY JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Yes, every flower that blows
I passed unheeded by,
Till this enchanting rose
Had fixed my wandering eye;
It scented every breeze,
That wantoned o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From some celestial shade
The damask charmer fell;
And as her balmy sweets
On Chloe's breast she pours,
The queen of Beauty greets
The gentle queen of Flowers.

THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

BY ARNHELDT WEAVER.

It was a wild night. The wind went grumbling through wide streets, and played the very maniac in courts and alleys — shrieking — howling — shaking the insecure doors of the crazy tenements — in many instances bursting them open, and taking forcible possession of the houses, which it did not quit till it had penetrated every hole and corner, — ransacked every recess, — turned all movable articles topsy-turvy, and filled the wretched apartments with suffocating, blinding smoke, sending children into paroxysms of coughing and squalling, and making mothers as frantic as itself. This did the wind.

But the snow led the van that night. People could have borne with the wind, but the snow was too much for them. It was a fine sight to witness in its driving, headlong career, — in its infuriate, headstrong rage; but God help the wretch who, on such a night, can look on nothing else. The streets, of course, were deserted by everybody but the houseless and the police.

The clock of St. Martin's church struck the three-quarters past eleven, as a man of middle

age — if years be reckoned, but judging from his appearance, a man turned of sixty — issued suddenly from a dark archway in the Strand, one of those obscure passages that lead down to the river, and followed closely in the steps of one of his own sex, who had just passed hurriedly in the direction of Charing Cross. The cabs were withdrawn from most of the stands, the weather being too severe even for a cabman's defiance, and along the streets which the person thus followed had traversed not a vehicle had appeared within hail, save a solitary omnibus which was going in an opposite direction. Thus he was compelled to walk, or was more properly driven along by the wind.

The man who issued from the low-browed archway had fought with the weather from his youth upward, and exposure to the elements in this our English climate makes a man prematurely old. He had been hungry too, lean and hungry, from his boyish days; and constant hunger is a great promoter of senile appearance. For many previous years he had slept in metropolitan and suburban churchyards, — an animate corpse, uncoffined amongst tombs. He stole when he could; but not being an expert thief, he ate but seldom, and the wolf gnawed his vitals at all hours and upon all days.

He followed the individual we have alluded to,

and overtook him in Parliament street. For some minutes they walked abreast, the almost nude beside the well-clad and warmly-wrapped man. Suddenly the former, falling two steps backward, aimed a savage blow, and a senseless body was stretched upon the snow that covered the pavement to the depth of several inches. The hungry man, having scanned the street with an eye quick to detect the advance of a passenger, knelt over the body and commenced to rifle it. He quickly possessed himself of a purse tolerably well-filled, a gold watch and a pocket-book; then secreting his booty as well as he was able about his person, he fled: almost equalling the wind in his speed. Some five or six minutes afterwards, the plundered man, recovering himself, got up and started off towards Westminster, crying "Thieves! thieves!" But the thief had gone in a contrary direction. Encountering only a policeman emerging from a tavern, and smelling powerfully of rum, who proposed to run and inquire at the station-house, and hearing no footsteps ahead, he gave up the supposed chase, and resigned himself to bear his loss.

The thief, once secure from pursuit, took his way more leisurely towards St. Giles', where he procured a supper and a bed, and awaited the daylight that he might, unobserved, examine the

pocket-book more particularly, and dispose of the watch to a cunning Jew living in Houndsditch.

The wind had subsided, and the snow had ceased to fall, before the breaking of the dawn. The man early quitted the den where human creatures slept by dozens, of both sexes, in one room, and hurried towards the Jew's residence. But turning into an unoccupied corner on his route, he paused to examine the pocket-book. It contained nothing that was valuable, only a few papers, and a letter or two, that revealed the owner's name and address. The man read, for he *could* read, the superscription of these letters, when something that was extraordinary happened. The reader started, as though touched by a torpedo. He read and read again. A cold perspiration burst from every pore of his frame; tears stood in his eyes. He turned with faltering steps, and set out to find the abode indicated by the letters.

The felon soon reached the house of the man he had stunned and plundered on the preceding night. It was in —— street, Westminster. He passed and repassed. The sun was shining in the street; the fallen snow was thawing fast; the air was fresh and mild; the sky was unclouded and very blue. The upper blinds of the house were drawn; it was large and roomy, the abode of a prosperous, world-favored man. The

outcast went towards the park hastily, with clenched hands and convulsed limbs. About to enter the enclosure, a beadle repelled him, telling him in surly tones to begone about his business. A well-dressed man arriving at that moment, the beadle made way for *him.*

A second time he reached the house. On this occasion he summoned courage and knocked. The door was opened by a liveried footman, rubicund, and greasy; a smirking, cringing fellow, when accosted by a wearer of good apparel, but of freezing, repulsive front, when the owner of an indifferent garb addressed him. He had too faithfully aped the manners of the different masters he had served to be even civil to the likeness of God when garmented in rags. The outcast fell back from the door, repelled by the haughty, insolent air of the menial who confronted him. He *could not* speak the words he longed to speak to such a man; something he stammered out, but the lackey's "What d'ye want *here?* You have mistaken the house, have n't ye?" accompanied by a wanton gesture of contempt, sent the applicant back to the street.

But old associations had been that morning awakened, and they were not thus roughly to be trampled out. The man, wandering he cared not whither, passed the Abbey. He saw the door at Poet's Corner open. He remembered to

have been once — many years ago it was — in the interior, and a wish to see again those speaking sights which are there treasured up in chiselled stone, took possession of him. He approached the door; a verger stood on the threshold and drove him away — away from God's temple.

Driven from the enclosure of the park, — driven from the temple, — the poor outcast directed his steps towards Westminster Bridge; there, at least, he might stay, thence he would not be driven, and there he could see the sunrays descend into the river. But being weary, for he had had only one night's unbroken rest in the last ninety-six hours, he sat down upon a door-step. He had not remained there many minutes before a policeman came up to him. "What do you do here?" demanded the myrmidon of the law.

"I am tired out — I am only resting," replied the outcast.

"I shall take you to the station-house then, and you 'll go up before a magistrate."

"What for?"

"For exciting Charity."

And the policeman was as good as his word. Behold them before the officiating magistrate. "Do you mean to say," cried that functionary,

"that you have arrested this man for merely sitting on a door-step?"

"He was exciting charity, your wusship."

"How do you know that? Did you see him beg?"

"No, your wusship. But I think he sat there to excite compassion."

"You think! Did you watch him?"

"Yes, your wusship."

"Did he accost any one?"

"I can't say as he did, your wusship."

"Then he is discharged. You have exceeded your duty, policeman. Be more careful in future."

In his unfortunate hurry to get out of the dock the outcast dropped the pocket-book which he had concealed about him, and in his attempt to catch it before it reached the ground the watch appeared in sight. The policeman pounced upon him.

"A pocket-book and a gold watch, your wusship, he's got about him. I knew he was a queer character. I never exceeds my duty, saving your wusship's presence."

"Hold your tongue, policeman. Place the man in the dock again. Now, prisoner, I suspect you of stealing those articles. Where did you get them?"

The outcast replied not. The policeman seemed struck by a luminous idea.

"A gentleman was knocked down and robbed in Parliament street, last night, your wusship," he said deferentially. "Information was laid at the station by one of our men who was on duty."

"Hand me the pocket-book and watch," said the magistrate. On receiving them, he examined the former, and read the owner's address. In a few minutes the policeman was on his way to —— street, Westminster. Other cases were called and examined. About half an hour had elapsed, when the officer of the law returned, accompanied by the plundered man. How curious an employment were it to analyze the emotions of the thief, as he devoured every lineament in the features of this individual! Expectation vividly on the rack before he entered, and then, ——

Not a feature the same. The youth's visage had disappeared. The sharp set lines indicating the countenance of the man, showed too plainly how deep the world had driven its ploughshare into the heart that, as a boy's, was noble. Each succeeding furrow, too, deeper than the last.

The magistrate exhibited the watch and pocket-book, and said,—

"Is this your property, sir?"

"It is," replied the other. "I was knocked down and robbed of it last night."

"Do you suppose you could recognize the party who attacked you?"

The plundered man looked round and singled out the thief immediately.

"There he is. He trembles, you see, sir."

The examination proceeded — the robbery of the purse was stated, and the purse itself, with only a trifle of its contents abstracted, was delivered up by the thief. In a brief space of time his committal to Newgate was made out. But what is this scene which takes place?

The thief, forcing his passage from the dock, as his prosecutor was about to quit the office, threw himself at his feet, and clung to his legs, impeding his further progress.

"Arthur Willis!" he cried, "do you not know me, then? Has my name really escaped your recollection? Do you forget your old playmate? Look at me — look at me. I am he —! We were great friends, you know, in our boyhood. We had everything we possessed in common. You remember that, do you not?"

Thus far he had run on weeping, abject, clutching the other's apparel, when the man so addressed, speaking to the magistrate, said,

"Will you assist me, sir?"

'Remove him, policeman," was the mandate delivered.

"What, you do not — will not recollect me, then?"

"Remove him, policeman.

But the outcast saved them all further trouble. He rose from the ground. The prosecutor made his exit from the office. From that time the prisoner assumed a sullen aspect, and, avoiding his fellows in Newgate, remained apart, sundered from his last hope, his last affection.

He was sentenced to seven years' transportation; but underwent his punishment at the hulks, instead of leaving the country. Not altogether destitute was he dismissed at the expiration of that long period. The chaplain, — a man of God in a stricter and better sense than a mere professional one, — struck by his history and praiseworthy behavior, made him a present of five pounds. Meanwhile, his prosecutor had been ruined by the failure of a speculation in which he had extensively embarked, had removed from house to house, always going downward in the scale of respectability as applied to residences, and was now occupying a small apartment in an obscure street in Southwark.

Chance led the man released from the hulks into this street, led him to take an apartment therein with the intention of carrying on the

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Chance led the man released from the hulks into this street, led him to take an apartment therein with the intention of carrying on the

business of shoemaking, an employment he had been taught on board his marine prison. One day, as he sat in his little shop, he saw a man issue from the opposite dwelling, and limp with faltering steps along the uneven pavement. Could it be? Had possibility no limits?

The cordwainer hammered at his shoes all that day, and late into the night, and the next day, and the next the same, stringing old songs to one another so rapidly, that he did not cease to croon and sing the whole time. But the fourth day?

He did not work that morning. He did not sing. It was beautiful summer weather. A man going by his door offered flowers for sale. A linnet at the adjoining house went off into an intoxicating career of song. He bought some flowers. He stepped into the street to look at the linnet. He felt his eyes moisten, and experienced a choking sensation at the throat. Returning to his apartment, and making himself as tidy as he could, he crossed the road, and knocked at the door opposite to his own.

"You have a person named Willis living here?" he said to the woman who appeared.

"Yes, what d'ye want with him?"

"I wish to see him."

"He's ill, but you can go up stairs; you can't miss the room."

And in another minute, the late felon was in

the presence of his late prosecutor, — the dear companion and cherished friend of his boyhood. Willis was dying; it required no experienced eye to see that.

"Ah! you know me, Arthur Willis. I am Alfred Pole; look on me; see me now, as in my boyhood, nothing changed — but your dear friend still; true to you in your adversity, as he would have been in your prosperity, — as he was when we were boys together — so help him God in heaven!"

The speaker fell on his face, and his sobs shook the floor of the apartment. "My first offence," he continued presently, "when deprived of your counsel, and seduced by evil companions, was my ruin. I think, I KNOW, that I should have amended, and become useful in my limited sphere to society, but society shut me out, considering that the boy who had robbed his employer, and had undergone punishment for the offence, had better be cast forth to be a thief for evermore. What necessity that I should trace in your hearing the steps by which I descended, — down — down — ever and ever down, until I attacked and robbed you."

He spoke no more; the man he addressed had died while he was speaking, and a human soul was absorbed in the Infinite Spirit.

THE RECRUIT.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

TAKE, take these flaunting streamers hence!
They mock my pale and saddened brow;
Remorse, too late, and 'wakening sense,
Disclose their fearful honors now.
In fatal hour, when jealous pride
Rushed, whirlwind-like, across my brain,
Maddened by rage and wine, I hied
To join the wily sergeant's train!

Mother, farewell!—thy truant son
No more his village home may see;
Where lives are lost, or honors won,
My home of strife henceforth must be.
Farewell, the cottage in the glade,
That made my boyhood's earliest home;
Farewell, still dear, though faithless maid,
Whose scorn thus dooms my steps to roam.

Hark! 't is the far-resounding drum,
And thrilling fife, whose martial tone
Proclaim the hour "to march" is come,
And visions of the past are flown!

The notes of fame, and glory call —
They weave around my heart their spell;
The banner waves! — adieu to all! —
Home, mother, faithless love — farewell!

dle of units denominated "the world" was fairly at its wits' end to account for his apathy, Sir Percy astonished it yet more by unexpectedly taking a wife to Castle Borrowdale! There had not been even a hint, in the Morning Post, of his intention conveyed by initials and asterisks. All that appeared one morning was the simple announcement of his nuptials with "Alice, only child of the late Reverend Francis Willoughby;" and the startled "world" knew not at first in which direction to seek for the further information of who and what she was. After a few persevering inquiries, however, people discovered that Lady Borrowdale, though quite portionless, belonged to an old and respectable family, and indeed was once considered heiress to a large property, which had been diverted into another channel, in consequence of her father being unable to produce some necessary documents.

After the first shock was over, the busy world began to talk of the disparity of their age, (adding a few years to the baronet's and deducting somewhat from his lady's — for Alice Willoughby was really two-and-twenty when she married,) and then by degrees to hint at a sacrifice made for station and splendor. Sir Percy was *very* reserved — probably morose and ill-tempered at home, — so people said; and they now remembered, that it had been whispered his first mar-

riage was an unhappy one: no doubt there were faults on both sides; but they dared say the first Lady Borrowdale had had a great deal to put up with. So much for the acidity of the grapes; and though, really, according to this account, Alice was rather to be pitied than otherwise, still the five hundred dear friends who laid claim to a place on her visiting list, by a strange contradiction, began weighing *her* claims to the honor of Sir Percy's hand, as carefully as if he had been a modern Crichton created and perfected for a pattern, and a prize unique. Humanity is made up of strange opposites we know, but according to "the world's" account, this must have been peculiarly the case in the instance of Lady Borrowdale; for every good quality seemed to be attended by the "jailer, *but yet*," ever ready to "usher in some monstrous malefactor." Her figure was beautiful, certainly, but — she wanted another inch in height; her hand was the most perfect in the world, but — of course she knew it, and wore "that emerald ring" to set it off; her complexion was very fine, but — not of the kind which lasts; she was considered handsome certainly, but — it is not every one who admires blue eyes and dark hair. Sweet Alice! the wild flower transplanted to the hot-bed of fashionable life, — little did she dream of the narrow scrutiny to which she had been subject during her first

London season, when, towards its close, Sir Percy and his lady withdrew to the comparative retirement of Castle Borrowdale.

The castle was situated in one of the most beautiful of our southern counties, and within half a mile of the coast. The spot had been chosen by an ancestor of the Borrowdales, a distinguished naval officer in the reign of Elizabeth, and the building, which had belonged to some other family, was altered and enlarged by him in the quaint fashion of the period. It would seem that a love of the glorious ocean — its thronging associations and heart-stirring poetry —had ever since distinguished the family. Many of its members had chosen the navy as a profession, and the castle, whose terraces sloped down to the sea, had for ages been a favorite residence. What a change for the clergyman's daughter, — from the country vicarage overgrown with roses and honeysuckle; to be mistress of the stately castle!

The marriage of Alice Willoughby had been sudden; for though known to her by name since childhood, she met Sir Percy for the first time but two months before she became his bride. Her love was built upon the strong foundation of respect and just appreciation of her husband's high qualities; while every additional mark of tenderness on his part called forth the latent

warmth of her own feelings. But it is quite true that Sir Percy was a reserved man; his attainments, too, were of a high order; and though when first attracted to Alice he had felt, by a sort of intuition, that her feminine yet enlarged mind was precisely the one to receive and mirror his own purest and loftiest aspirations, *she* was not equally conscious of the depth of her own character. The natural consequence of this ignorance was, that a slight feeling of awe mingled with her true affection — like a serpent among flowers — and many a thought which her heart longed to shadow forth in words, she repelled from the undefined dread that her simple fancies must to him seem foolish.

Yet very rapidly was this barrier — icy though trifling — melting away; and even a few days of retirement at the castle after their London gayety did wonders towards effecting a change. Lady Borrowdale was gratified — at first almost astonished — that in their long rides and rambles Sir Percy would listen to her observations on the scenes they visited with interest and attention: thus emboldened she often grew eloquent, till she blushed as she recognized the joy and admiration which sparkled in her husband's countenance. Graver subjects too were sometimes discussed; and though Sir Percy smiled to discover how often the simple acuteness of her

own mind arrived at the conclusions of philosophers, it was not the fool's smile at woman's wit, but one of pure rejoicing that he had indeed found "a help meet for him." Yes, the shadowy barrier was quickly melting, and they were already the happiest of the happy.

Lady Borrowdale was passionately fond of art, and indeed somewhat skilled in using the pencil herself; no wonder, then, that a favorite haunt of hers was the picture gallery of the castle. One morning she was sauntering there while Sir Percy read his letters, preparatory to their proposed stroll on the beach, when he surprised her in a deep reverie before the portrait of his first wife. The painting was by Lawrence, and sufficiently beautiful to have arrested the gaze of one less enthusiastic than Alice; but so entranced was she that she did not hear Sir Percy's approaching footsteps, and was only aroused by his passing an arm round her waist, and saying, as he drew her affectionately towards him, "Why is my Alice so absorbed?"

She looked into his face with a smile full of truth and confidence, as she replied, "I was wondering if she ever were as dear — or dearer to you than I!"

"Alice, you will not be jealous of the dead, if I own to you that I once loved her — deeply — passionately; but it was reserved for you, dear-

est, to realize my dreams, and make me supremely happy."

"Was she unamiable?" murmured Alice.

"No. The secret of our wretchedness was, that she could not love me."

"Not love you!"

"Even so. Her heart was wholly another's; she had consented to marry me, at the earnest entreaty of her parents, and in consequence of false representations of her lover's unworthiness. But within a month of our bridal, accident discovered to her the cruel deception which had been practised, and her agony was such that further concealment, even if she attempted it, proved vain. Thenceforth we were twain, for though more than once during the last four years of her life I tried to play the wooer, I found she had no heart to give. Latterly, indeed, I suspect her reason gave way, though well she knew if half my fortune could have purchased a release for her, it should have been gained. We were both too proud to take the busy world into our confidence; but you cannot wonder that I long hesitated in making a second choice. Do you know, dearest, that I satisfied myself from your aunt, who had been your companion from childhood, that *you* had never loved, before I suffered myself to think of taking the little Wild Rose to my heart?"

"Wild Rose" was one of the many pet names Sir Percy had bestowed on his bride; yet somehow or other Alice did not at that moment exactly like the application of it. In connection with the story she had just heard, it seemed painfully to remind her of his probable reasons for taking a wife from a country parsonage, instead of seeking for one in the haunts of fashion. Feelings, too, which will by-and-by be developed, flashed across her mind, and a tear fell upon Sir Percy's hand as she raised it to her lips, and said, in faltering accents, "You know I love you."

He did not see her face, for bonnet and veil were on in readiness for the promised walk; but he felt the tear, and chiding himself for the cause, he exclaimed, "No more of such dismal stories: I must tell you the letters I have received — there are several enclosures for 'your ladyship;' and I doubt not our invitations are accepted. We shall have the castle full of visitors next week; but let me whisper — it is too inhospitable a thought for louder expression — I almost wish these visits over, that we may again be alone. But come, you are ready for our walk."

PART II. — THE SCANDAL.

"I wonder what our young hostess can find so attractive in that miserable hut down by the

shingles," was the exclamation of Lady Maria Skipton, a spinster of about thirty, and one of the party at Castle Borrowdale.

"Does she find it very attractive?" replied an "Honorable Captain," for whom Lady Maria was at that moment netting a purse.

"I suppose so, for to my certain knowledge this is the third morning she has spent the best part of an hour there."

"The fisherman, Grant, and his wife are in some sort protegés of Lady Borrowdale," said Mrs. Damer, the most sensible as she was the most elegant woman of the party; "the wife being no other than 'nurse Margery,' of whom I think you have more than once heard our sweet hostess speak."

"Oh!" murmured Lady Maria, *sotto voce*, though her inquiring mind was not altogether satisfied on the subject.

In one of the drawing-room windows at Castle Borrowdale was fixed a very fine telescope; and excusing herself on some slight pretence from joining the rest of the party, who were bent on riding and boating, there did Lady Maria Skipton station herself the following morning. The castle stood on so great an acclivity that the glass swept the coast for miles; but though her ladyship paid a few minutes' attention to the party in the boat, she found nothing satisfactory in

witnessing their quietness, and so pointed the glass at once in the direction of the fisherman's cottage. Exemplary was her patience — pity it was not tested on a more praiseworthy occasion! Once or twice she resumed her netting; but after a few stitches always rose to continue her watch. It would seem that her expectations, whatever they might be, were at last verified, for suddenly she exclaimed to herself, "I knew there was a mystery!" Then shifting the telescope very slightly, she again peered through it with apparently increased interest.

It was evening. The glorious autumn moon shone forth in all its splendor, bathing the noble castle and its princely domains in a flood of light. The day had been sultry, and after dinner some of the ladies walked out on a beautiful terrace, on to which Lady Borrowdale's boudoir opened. Distinctly might be heard the waves breaking on the shingles, while ocean lay gazing "with its great round eye" to heaven before them. It was an exquisite scene — one that, where there is a heart to be touched, must awake its best sensibilities. But thus spoke Lady Maria: "Now my dear Mrs. Damer, don't be poetical, for I have something most matter-of-fact to tell you. Indeed, I have been watching all day for an opportunity of speaking to you, and now that Lady Borrowdale and your sister have gone

down to the lawn, we can avoid meeting them for a few minutes with ease."

"I am not at all in a matter-of-fact humor," said Mrs. Damer, with a smile, "listening to the sea's rich music beneath this glorious sky."

"Well! but listen to me. Did you notice how confused Lady Borrowdale was at dinner to-day, when I pretended to think it was Captain Howard with whom she was walking on the beach this morning? He, with all a sailor's bluntness, denied having had that honor, of which I was quite aware before I spoke."

"Now you mention it," returned Mrs. Damer, "I think she did color slightly; but what of that?"

"*I* could tell you a great deal of it," continued the spinster, "and I think I ought to do so, since, though I dare say no older than myself," (Mrs. Damer was five years her junior,) "you are the only married lady here."

"Good heavens! Lady Maria, what do you mean?"

"Listen! I saw Lady Borrowdale walking with a stranger in the garden behind the fisherman's cottage, and I am certain, from the manner in which she raised her handkerchief to her face, that she was in tears; there was an infant, too, brought out by the fisherman's wife, which she took in her arms and fondled."

"Most probably it was the child of her old servant," replied Mrs. Damer; "I see nothing wonderful in that."

"No such thing; Margery Grant has no children of her own."

"At all events, it does not concern us," continued Mrs. Damer, apparently quite relieved at finding that the communication was nothing more dreadful.

"But I think it does," returned the pertinacious lady — "I have a great regard for Sir Percy," (rumor said Lady Maria had a few years before set her cap very desperately at the baronet,) "in my opinion he has made a very imprudent marriage, and I should not be a bit surprised if his parvenue wife, chit as she is, proves no better than she should be!"

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Damer, "I cannot listen to such slander. Lady Borrowdale is our hostess — a gentlewoman in everything; and, I would stake my own character, pure in heart and conduct. Lady Maria, no more of this, we had better return to the drawing-room."

A wonderful interest Lady Maria Skipton must have taken in all the outward-bound vessels, for she really spent a large portion of her mornings at the telescope — watching the shipping, we suppose. How learnedly she talked, too, of — schooners, — brigs, — barks, — and three-

deckers,—according to the various classifications of the genus "ship." Whether she received it or not, she certainly might have earned the compliment we heard paid to a dear friend of ours by a rough old sailor on his witnessing her nautical acumen and enthusiasm, "Bless your bright eyes, you deserve to be an admiral's lady!"—a dignity, which was, no doubt, in his estimation, the most enviable which could fall to the lot of womankind. Yet thrice, when all the rest of the party were absent, Lady Maria suddenly required Sir Percy's aid in the arrangement of the glass—the last time, however, was fatal to her future pleasure, for after using it for some time with a sort of painful interest, he took the telescope to pieces without a previous word of his intention, and actually put a lens in his pocket on the plea that there was a flaw in it!

But let us take a peep at the fisherman's cottage, and listen to a conversation of which Lady Maria with all her diligence was unable to gather the purport. Seated on a rustic bench was Lady Borrowdale, evidently in tears, while near her, in deep mourning, stood a handsome gentlemanlike man of about thirty: he had been speaking with some earnestness, when Lady Borrowdale replied, "The struggle of the last week has been almost beyond my strength, both of mind and body. Oh! George, why did I not at first make

my kind, generous husband your friend, instead of meeting you thus by stealth, teaching these poor people a lesson of deception, and forfeiting my own self-esteem?"

"Because, Alice, my sister! you had not courage to spurn the outcast and prodigal, when in the depth of his affliction he threw himself before you. The old leaven is in me," he continued, stamping with violence: "I will not show myself as a beggar to your haughty husband. And I am worse than a beggar, the imputation of dishonor clings to me till I can prove my innocence."

"You forget," said Alice tenderly, and laying her hand on his arm, "that it is only your generosity to me which prevents your character being cleared immediately. Oh, those foolish — foolish letters! — yet, George, you know it was a silly, girlish fancy, and that I never loved him, nay that *I* was the one to break off our childish engagement."

"Fool that I was, after recovering them, to keep them!" cried the stranger; "yet greater was the folly in placing them in the iron chest. I dare not return to open it myself — and for your sake, Alice, I will not send another. Say, would you rather delay for years, perhaps fail altogether, in the recovery of your father's rights, than suffer your husband to know — since his

prejudices are so strong — of your former engagement to ——?"

"Oh! much rather."

Without another word, George Rushbrook walked a few steps to the beach, and flung a key into the ocean; then murmuring, "You will not let my little Alice want," he moved away.

PART III. — THE KEY.

"Very sudden Lady Borrowdale's illness!" exclaimed Lady Maria Skipton, a few hours after the events of the last chapter.

"I do not think so," said Mrs. Damer, "for she has been looking wretchedly ill the last four or five days."

"Do you think we ought to continue our visit?" returned Lady Maria.

"Sir Percy seems anxiously to wish it; for though distracted at Lady Borrowdale's illness, he told me he had urgent reasons for desiring that the party should not be broken up."

It was quite true that Lady Borrowdale's frame had sunk beneath the strong mental excitement she had undergone. One fainting fit followed another — medical attendants were called in, and Sir Percy hung over his idolized Alice, in a state of mind bordering on distraction; for many were the wild and crowding fears which increased his agony. Towards evening

she grew more composed, and fell into a light slumber, Sir Percy alone keeping watch beside her. Many broken exclamations of affection escaped her; and when he took her hand in his, though still without disturbing her, she grasped it warmly. When she did awake she looked up fondly as she said,

"Have I been talking, Percy — and what about?"

"Nothing, dearest, but that which made me happy to hear."

"Oh, but I have a secret — I must tell you — even though you should not forgive me — and yet it is not my fault — I did not deceive you. Yes, I can tell you now that we are again alone — now those people are gone."

"No one is gone, Alice."

"No! then I dreamed they were; but I will tell you — now at once — give me your hand, feel how my heart beats."

"You must have rest and quiet, you must not speak, dearest. Your husband *has faith in you*, and believes that you have nothing to tell him which he can blush to hear."

"Bless you for your faith!" and she turned on her pillow and was silent — though now she was relieved by tears.

It was the following morning. The invalid had been removed to her boudoir, and reclined

on a couch; Sir Percy was seated by her side. his hand again in hers.

"You remember my telling you of my half-brother," said Lady Borrowdale, "and relating to you that I had not seen him for three years; although I had heard of his marriage with one far beneath him in station?"

"Perfectly."

"His was always a complicated character, wild and impetuous in action, constant but in one thing, — his affection to me. He was brought up to the law, and long ago became convinced that the certificates requisite to establish my father's claim to the estate of S—— were to be obtained. He devoted, I know, much time to the investigation of our claims, but only within this week have I heard how successful he has been."

"Then it was your brother with whom I saw you yesterday?" interrupted Sir Percy.

"You saw me! and did not scorn me!"

"Alice, I had faith — though, that you should have a secret pained me."

"But George, from a choice of unworthy associates, has become charged with a share in a nefarious money transaction now occupying the attention of the public, though he assures me — and oh! I know that whatever his faults, he is not dishonorable — that documents in which he repudiates his partner's intentions are in the

same iron chest which contains the certificates. But he dares not show himself in London till proofs are established; and he was on his way to France, intending thence to send a confidential agent with his keys, when the accident of the nurse who attended his motherless child refusing to accompany him further, brought to mind the fact that our old servant Margery was settled in the neighborhood. He placed his infant in her hands with confidence, intrusting a message to me, for he was too proud to present himself at the castle in poverty and disgrace. It was by accident we met at the cottage, and — and — if it had been a fortnight ago, when we were alone — or before you told me the story of the first Lady Borrowdale — indeed, Percy, I could never have kept the secret; but — oh! I have more, much more!"

At that moment there was a tap at the door. A servant entered: "My Lady — dame Margery Grant begs to be admitted — having something, she desires me to say, very urgent to communicate."

"Admit her," said Lady Borrowdale, casting an appealing look to her husband. "What happiness," she added, "that whether good or evil, her tidings may be delivered in your presence!"

Margery's handsome face sparkled with joyful astonishment, as Lady Borrowdale bade her say

everything she had to say in the presence of Sir Percy.

"Dear Miss Alice — I mean 'my lady,'" said the affectionate creature, "it does my heart good to find the secret's out, whatever it was about. Of course, as I said to my good man, it was our bounden duty to keep it safe — and being two of us, you see, to talk about it together, it was n't so difficult — as it was your ladyship's wish, and poor Mr. George — though he was before my service in the family — was in trouble of some kind or another — and the dear baby took to me so from the first — "

But the anxious Alice interrupted Margery by exclaiming, "My brother! — has he heard of my illness — did he send you?"

"Alas! Miss — my lady, we have not seen him this morning. He must have left the cottage at a very early hour, nor somehow, from what he said last night, do I think he will return. My good man fancies he must have been taken up by one of the foreign steamers which he made out with his glass. But what I made bold to come up to the castle about was the key — I am sure it is the identical one he threw into the water yesterday, and behold, by the wisdom of Providence, the tide last night left it within five yards of the cottage! I was sure, my lady, you valued the key — so here it is."

"And now, dearest, what are we to do with this mysterious key," said Sir Percy, when once more they were alone; "shall it be sealed up until you hear some account of your brother?"

"No!" said Lady Borrowdale, half rising from her couch, as if with her firm resolution she had recovered health and strength. "No, *you* alone have the right to open that chest, for there are papers in it which concern *me*. All I ask — and I would sue for your compliance on my knees — is that I may be by your side. It must be immediately, for I can know no peace till it is over — why not to-night — by rail-road — for the chest is imbedded in the wall — a secret panel — and we must go to it!"

"Good heavens, Alice!" exclaimed Sir Percy, trembling and turning pale with emotion, "there must be some dreadful mystery — do I guess the fearful riddle? — my fatal doom! — you have loved before — and there are letters!" —

"No — no — not loved — believe me, never! — never," cried Alice, sinking on her knees, and twining her arms round her husband. "I was engaged to one who was unworthy — but I awoke from the delusion — I was the one to break off our intercourse — your wife was not cast off by another! — Hear me! — look at me! or I shall lose my reason," continued Lady Borrowdale, while she succeeded in removing Sir Percy's

hands from the death-like countenance which he had buried in them. "Hear me, even at this moment of agony, offer up thanksgiving that I am your wife — that I dare and can tell, and prove to you, how wholly I am yours. Had you questioned me before our marriage, I should have told you the truth; but I could not have urged it passionately as I do now. I should have lost you! Percy! — Percy, hear me — answer me, one word of love — of the *faith* you had in me yesterday!"

And it was spoken from the heart at last! But who shall tell how fierce that momentary struggle had been between love and reason on one side as they encountered an opinion, hardened by fifteen years of prejudice into a master sentiment!

"At least you will read the letter in which I broke off the engagement," murmured Alice, as her head leaned on Sir Percy's shoulder.

"Nay, nay, dearest, let them all be burnt and forgotten."

"But if I ask it — if I wish it — it was for this I desired to be with you — that you might read *that* first. But think, if your little Alice comes into five thousand a-year, though dearly has it been purchased — what shall you do with it?"

"Settle your wild brother, who seems hitherto to have been the foot-ball of fortune. And

whether or not we must take care of your little namesake!"

"And our visitors," returned Lady Borrowdale, — "surely some of them were to have left us to-day?"

"I besought Lady Maria to remain till the end of the week. I would not have had her leave while *we were twain.*"

"But we are ONE now and forever!"

A year passed away, working its mighty changes! *Once* again Lady Maria Skipton was a guest at Castle Borrowdale, and with one or two additions the party was the same as before.

"I think Lady Borrowdale has grown very haughty," said Lady Maria, "since she came into her own fortune."

"I do not fancy that has had anything to do with the change," replied Mrs. Damer.

"No! what then?"

"I think she is a little more dignified, from being more conscious of her own just position in society."

"Yet Sir Percy is much less reserved, I think."

"Just as it ought to be," returned Mrs. Damer; "she has ascended — he has descended a step or two; so now they stand upon a level."

"A gentleman-like person her brother!"

"Very."

"Fortunate in obtaining so fine a situation under government."

"Very."

"What a romantic affair that was last year, about Lady Borrowdale meeting him and arranging all about the recovery of her property before Sir Percy knew a word of the affair."

"Was that the case?" said Mrs. Damer.

"Oh, yes! my maid heard it from one, whose cousin's wife's sister was a fellow-servant for three years with Margery Grant."

Fortunate it is, that the Lady Marias of the world sometimes beat out a grain of truth to a good instead of an evil purpose!

SONNET.

BY JOSEPH FEARN.

Lead me — oh! lead me to those sparkling groves
Where every sight is beauty — every sound
Is love — where sunbeams tip the trees around
With gold — or starlight through their foliage roves,
And I will muse on pleasure — as a dream
Of lands where marble palaces do shine,
And radiant forms on verdant banks recline,
Till all the senses of my frame shall seem
To pass into a rich Elysium bright!
As though a spirit from some mountain height
Had plucked undying roses for a wreath
To bind fair brows withal who sleep beneath;
Then lead! oh, lead me to those sparkling groves
Where sunlight wanders, and where starlight roves.

KATE OF KILDARE:

A WIFE'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

In a sequestered spot near Kildare rose a rambling pile of buildings, which had in times past possessed some importance as the abode of a wealthy squire; but falling, like the family, into decay, it had been successively consigned to humbler and humbler tenants, till eventually George Dighton opened it as an inn. Hither he brought his wife and little girl, Kate, their only surviving child. Severe trials, acting on constitutional delicacy, had shaken the mother's health, but through years of decline the placid energies of a thoughtful pious mind sustained her, till just as Kate had attained her tenth year the struggle closed amid duties unremittingly fulfilled, and Mrs. Dighton was committed to the grave with regret from all, and grief to her husband and child of no common bitterness. Her peculiar character had breathed upon their existence a charm, of which, while loving her devotedly, they had nevertheless been little conscious, till they felt the blank desolation to which bereavement left them. They had lived in the

perpetual presence of her serene cheerfulness and provident care for their comfort, as do the dwellers in fine air, who, full of light spirits and placidity of mind, neither know nor inquire their source, till transferred to a heavy atmosphere and dim horizon, their oppressed nature pleads against the change, and they learn what they have lost.

The care and tenderness of her father cherished and developed the fine nature Kate inherited from her mother. Education at the period of which we write was of small account, especially in the class and country in which she was placed; but Kate was taught to read and write, was well skilled with her needle, and the neatest dancer that ever stepped. She had ripened into a beautiful creature, and reached her sixteenth year, when her father formed a second marriage. Her step-mother brought with her a son, a fine, dark, athletic youth, who had just completed his majority. Robert Horrey achieved what many had essayed in vain — he won the heart of Kate Dighton; the parental sanction was not withheld, and all seemed to promise that "the course of true love" would, in *their* case, "run smooth." Suddenly, however, a quarrel occurred between the mother and son, in which Mr. Dighton took part with his wife; thus the domestic peace, of late so perfect, was broken, and the hopes that grew out of it marred.

back, for if a rescue were attempted he was resolved upon a desperate resistance. Before midnight they alighted at the obscure dwelling of the priest, situated in a lonely glen, and there, surrounded by strangers, the pale and trembling girl became the bride of Robert Horrey.

"Now," she whispered, as soon as the ceremony was over, and she bowed her head upon her husband's bosom, "let us away — restore me to my father's roof before morning — let us not lose a moment."

Robert made no reply. Nothing was further from his purpose than to part with her again. He wrapped her mantle round her, held a cup to her lips of which he made her drink, lifted her into the car, and resuming his place by her side, they drove rapidly away, she knew not whither. To be brief, the morning found them in Dublin, and Kate convinced that every other tie was severed, and her fate forever linked with Robert's. She wrote to her father, not to criminate her husband and excuse herself, but to ask forgiveness for both. This was the first step on the path of sacrifice on which she had entered. Her father's reply reached her just as she was embarking for Holyhead. His letter breathed pardon, prayer, and blessing, and wetted with her tears she refolded it, and placed it in her bosom

with a sweet superstition that it held a charm against every ill.

It is not in a sketch like this that the eventful life of Kate can be followed out in detail. Her constituent characteristics were energy of mind, and tenderness and firmness of affection. She loved her husband with perfect devotion, and notwithstanding many dark shades in his character, he had some fine qualities to attach her. Unfortunately one of those clever fellows who might be anything, he was really nothing, or, what is equivalent, "Everything by turns and nothing long." His great passion had been for horses, and he inherited a few hundred pounds; this money had been the source of his quarrel with his mother, who desired its appropriation, in part at least, to the liquidation of debts for which she had in some measure become responsible. But he was more disposed to go forward on the path of apparent advantage than to tarry or turn back to acknowledge or repay past benefits. Perhaps he appeased his conscience by deeming this only a postponement, and promised himself that a time should arrive, when, fortune being realized, he should become just, and even grateful; but that till then, under the pressure of his peculiar circumstances, he might give up principle for expediency, and grasp at everything that promised self-advantage. We shall see the

wisdom of his philosophy. His means of living gradually settled into that of an agent for the sale and purchase of horses, and the employments which are contingent upon and incident to such a path. But circumstances rose out of it of a dangerous tendency to a mind so lax, and a temper so impetuous — it introduced him to society above his grade of fortune, and as deficient in moral principle: the seductive influence of gambling was at work; betting transactions, now fortunate, flattered him with unexpected success —now the reverse, plunged him into embarrassment. The ready refuge of the unreflecting, or those who dare not reflect, was at hand, and the glass, which a genial nature might have taught him to lift as a stimulus to friendly communion merely, was often snatched to drown the gnawing consciousness of past error or approaching ruin.

During all this time Kate had a large share of affliction. Her husband, of a jealous temper, and surrounded by promiscuous and questionable associates, anxiously secluded her in a remote suburban residence: with all his faults he loved her ardently, and respected in her the virtues he failed to act up to himself; ill, therefore, could he bear to expose her to the temptation and deterioration which were rife around him. But amid the storms of the life he led, she was often

forgotten, left to endure solitude, sometimes privation. The irregular and extravagant man's home is in general the first sacrifice; legitimate claims are postponed in favor of the illicit demands which *will* be heard, and for which the criminal claimants know so well how to force attention from the hopes and fears of the weak and wicked defaulter. Periods of deep sorrow had, nevertheless, ever brought Robert to his wife; the death of her father, the successive loss of three children in their infancy, and the occasional illness of their first-born, who, though inheriting that fatal malady, consumption, had survived — had always found him a ready and tender sympathizer. Still, except in great emergencies, Kate was alone. What floods of thought and feeling swept through her soul as she sat beside the bed or chair of her drooping girl, reviewing the sudden wrench by which she had herself been torn from every prop her childhood and youth had known, to be surrounded by circumstances of struggle and difficulty. It had been like taking the swan from the sequestered lake and giving to it the course of the sea-bird. How will it bear the alternation of sunshine and storm, and preserve its pristine beauty in both — how adapt its wing to its devious way? Kate yielded eminent proof of the wonderful elasticity seated in a spirit of large capacity and strong

affection. Well was it for her that she was one of those whom the severe atmosphere of adversity braced with strength, for how did the termination of the twelfth year of her wedded life find her? Alone — in destitution — and worse than widowed! Her misguided husband had fallen into the toils; tried and convicted of horse-stealing, he was transported for life to Van Dieman's Land.

We will not pause to dilate on Kate's suffering and heroism: how she stifled the agonies of her own spirit, and endeavored to call up hope in his heart, while it died in her own. When all was over — when she had seen him for the last time — she returned home, and casting herself upon her knees, she poured forth her spirit, but in no selfish supplications. She prayed for him who was soon to be upon the wild waters, to pass, a branded outcast, to an allotment, the stringency of which she could not know, but which her imagination clothed in the darkest colors: she prayed for the innocent sufferer lying before her in feverish and fitful sleep — and for herself, what did she ask? *For strength to do her duties.* Life for her child, reünion with her husband — these were the boons she implored; and that power might be given her to assist the healing of the one, and to work out the redemption of the other. She rose full of pious confidence and

patient courage. Her first care now was to gain some employment that would afford them bread; by her needle and laundry work she effected this, but only in a partial and uncertain way, intervals of compelled inaction at times consigned her to the severest want.

She had struggled through twelve months, and no word of tidings or consolation had reached her from the wretched exile. One day she was kneeling beside her child, urging upon her the necessity of taking some nourishment, for her failing appetite began to refuse all food. What, under these circumstances, were the mother's means? Will wealth, will luxury, believe it? Three halfpence. Ere the poor invalid had gained power to reply, the sharp rap of the postman startled them. Kate ran to the door; she saw a letter in his hand — she knew the writing of the superscription — it was her husband's. (Some one had brought the letter to England, and posted it in London.) She trembled — she changed color — she held forth the little sum she had in her hand —

"This is all I have in the world, but *let* me have the letter — it is from" —— utterance failed her, and she burst into tears. The postman took the halfpence, put the letter in her hand, and departed; but in an instant he rapped again.

"And is this indeed all that you are worth this day?"

"ALL," she replied.

"Then Heaven forbid that I should take it from you;" and thrusting it back into her hand he hurried away.

Robert's letter was read and re-read by both mother and child amid convulsions of feeling. Its tone was contrite and tender. Kate saw in it evidences of improved character, and her soul yearned to be beside him, to strengthen his better purposes. Gradually the emotions so fondly indulged subsided, and she thought of the kindly being who had brought her a letter so precious, so consolatory. Having obtained the means to meet the little debt, she watched for him the next day, and many following days, but in vain. Humble life is a quarry full of facts, (the details of the present story are strictly such,) and these facts are pregnant with evidence of the high qualities of human nature. Fastidious refinement, revolted by repelling circumstances, refuses to look into it: the habitual denizens of the scene behold self-denial and self-sacrifice as matters of common occurrence, and know not the moral value they bear. But who that can compare and reflect, but must pause at the spectacle thus presented. How does starvation every day go forth in this great city, amid all the temptations which

trade can devise to allure luxury and invite expenditure, and urged to no outrage, return to its squalid covert to eat its unpalatable crust in patience, or in like manner bear its utter privation! How will honest independence and the domestic affections reject the wretched and degrading refuge which is all that society will extend to the reproachless poor, to die in the pangs of destitution, but with the feelings of the heart and home yet round them!

At last Kate and Howard, the postman, (he was worthy of the name he bore,) met again, and an acquaintance grew up. He soon appreciated her character, and sympathized with her sufferings, and these, in a nature like his, induced exertion in her behalf. He gained her the notice of a charitable society, through the means of which the closing weeks of her child's life were furnished with some comforts, and when death had set the seal on her sufferings, afforded the mourning mother requisites for the last sad duties.

Kate was now indeed desolate. The being who had filled so large a space in her heart, given motive for so much exertion, was gone! All her desire, all her hope now, was to make her way to Hobart Town; but how to accomplish that? The humble philanthropist, Howard, listened to her wishes, and pondered with almost

parental kindliness the means to realize them. One evening he appeared with a cheerful smile, and a newspaper in his hand. He pointed out to Kate an advertisement — it was for a young woman to go out as nurse and attendant to an invalid lady returning to the colony.

"Go," said Howard, "tell your story in your own simple way. I know something of Mr. Beaumont, the party advertising — the lady mentioned is his wife. His father was an old master of mine, and got me the place I hold in the post-office."

Kate felt a prescience that her path was plain before her. She was not mistaken. Her truthful earnestness, her ingenuous aspect, had their effect: her humble friend had not overrated his power or her own — Kate was engaged for the voyage. An application to her step-mother gained her the means of an humble outfit; and once more hopes akin to happiness dawned upon her. The elements seemed resolved to spare one who had met so many moral storms: "a fair wind and a flowing sail" bore her on through a prosperous voyage; and a fine autumn day in the beautiful month of March saw the good ship come to anchor in Sullivan's Cove.

Few who had known Kate in her brilliant, joyous youth, would have recognized her in the placid, self-possessed woman, who landed that

day in Hobart Town; still fewer would have guessed how powerful were the feelings silently at work in her breast as the time grew near for meeting the lover of her youth, the husband of her heart, for whom she had sorrowed and suffered so intensely.

Mr. Beaumont made it his first business to inquire about Robert, for the sake of one, who, in the short period of five months, had established herself in the esteem, and entitled herself to the gratitude, of those she served. He was pleased to find him among the men employed by his own firm: the pleasure was, however, damped by the mixed report he gained. Horrey was described as a man not without his merits, but as one not to be depended upon. With a charitable trust in the force of improved circumstances, and renewed association with his reproachless wife, Mr. Beaumont brought them together. Unhappily, Robert Horrey was already involved in fatal associations, which began to develop themselves soon after his reünion with Kate. Investigation was at work, and detection, though slow in following upon his delinquency, was only too sure. The joy, the hope, that visited her heart was of short duration. A second time she beheld her husband arraigned as a criminal: his trial was a searching one, and his sentence was deemed severe. But, as a superior man among the pris-

oners, he had met encouragement and indulgence; the abuse of these advantages had deepened the die of his offences, had denied justice any ground for mercy, and sentence of death was pronounced upon him.

This blow appeared to crush the wretched culprit; he was conveyed back to prison as if paralyzed. Kate succumbed but as it were for a moment; there was a regenerating power seated in her high purposes, and infinite trust in divine support, which pierced even the dense darkness round her. It is remembered how she immediately sought the governor, and when denied access to him, passed the night on the steps of the door of Government-house, and in the morning won her way to his wife. There another triumph was reserved for Kate; her indomitable perseverance, her peculiar character, and irreproachable conduct, prevailed over every obstacle — the governor's heart yielded to the pleadings of his own wife and the wife of the criminal, and the sentence of death was commuted to banishment to Norfolk Island — an island lying on the east coast of New Holland, and reserved as a place of punishment for the worst class of male convicts.

The Beaumonts, with the commiseration and respect for Kate which her circumstances and character commanded, offered her an asylum in

their service, but she declared she could enter into no engagement that might interfere with what was now her great object — to join her husband in his last wretched exile. In vain she was assured that it was a scheme impossible of realization — that no woman had ever been admitted to the place, and that existence for her there would be unendurable. She proved that every obstacle was destined to fall before her untiring energies — she memorialized the authorities, she assailed every avenue by which pity could make approach to power, and at length was allowed to proceed to Norfolk Island. A residence of five years there made her the mother of two children; now it was that she found herself compelled to choose between conflicting duties. The moral life of her offspring depended on removing them from a scene so unfitted for their opening perceptions. It was enough for Kate to arrive at a conviction of what she *ought* to do; this was the fulcrum of the resolute will by which she accomplished so much. She came back to Hobart Town, and by employment as a laundress obtained support for her children: but amid her maternal duties and daily toils, he who filled the first place in her heart was never forgotten, and in an interview with Mr. Beaumont she avowed, that to see Robert once again at home and happy, was still the vision and the

hope, the purpose and plan, of her life. The unconquerable character of her attachment, and the triumphs it had achieved, checked the incredulity with which, in any other case, Mr. Beaumont would have received such an idea; but he had learned to look upon the humble woman before him, so meekly ignorant of her own magnanimity, as chartered by her virtues to hope where all others should despair, and unexpectedly he found himself in a position again to give her aid.

Mr. Beaumont was appointed to a commission of inquiry into the state of Norfolk Island. On his arrival there, it was among his first objects to inquire out Robert Horrey; he heard he was an altered man — he soon saw he was a dying one. Representations, backed by certificates from the medical man, and sustained by powerful and universal advocacy drawn from sentiments of admiration and regard for Kate, were successful — when Mr. Beaumont returned to Hobart Town, he brought Robert Horrey with him, and with what he had left of life and strength, the wretched man found refuge with his devoted wife.

For a time he rallied — to behold himself once more in the secure shelter of his home, beside that creature who, through "bad report and good report," had unchangeably clung to his destiny;

and to see his little children at his knees, to feel the babe which Kate had borne to him since they last parted, on his bosom, created a powerful reaction. The springs of his better nature gushed forth, as if to refresh and purify the heart, the pulses of which were now numbered — to regenerate the spirit which was soon to pass from time and trial forever. One month after their reunion, Kate received his last sigh. There was no violence in her grief; her sorrow was as serene as the hopes that soothed it. "Now," she said, "there is but one more journey for me. He cannot come to me, but I shall go to him. When Robert and I meet again, we shall part no more."

FRIENDSHIP.

BY S. JOHNSON.

Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While Love, unknown among the blessed,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
Torment alike with raging fires:

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,—
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the favorites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O, guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardors cease to glow,
When souls to peaceful climes remove:
What raised our virtue here below
Shall aid our happiness above.

UNCLE BENJIE'S RING.

BY G. C. P.

MANY a long summer day have I dreamed away in the pleasant bowers and under the stately oaks that adorned the old manor-house of F——, and in the cool old rooms, too, unspoiled by modern windows, dim and shady, even in blazing July. True, these windows had their disadvantages—they were somewhat too high, and rather overgrown outside by honeysuckles and moss-roses; but there were stained glass doors, opening to the garden in various directions, which led you through bowers of fragrant limes to terraced parterres. In this paradise, as, indeed, it appeared to me after my dusty chambers in London, I used to spend as much time as I could snatch from my professional avocations. The family partook, as much as the house, of former times. Squire Ratcliffe was the best specimen I ever saw of a genuine English country gentleman, and his daughters were warm-hearted, unsophisticated girls, radiant in health and good humor. The children of the eldest son, who had been left a widower, were added to the family

group; and a happier or a merrier one it would have been difficult to find.

Since my last visit, however, an addition had been made to it, which, judging from the letters I received, did not appear to have contributed to their mirth. This was the squire's younger brother — (though younger, he looked years his senior) — a dyspeptic, yellow-looking invalid, not long returned from India — who had sought the home of his childhood in the vain hope that its soothing influence would renovate the health he had lost, and, still worse, the mind he had soured and irritated, under the burning sun of the East. He was warmly welcomed at F——: the squire really loved his brother, and, perhaps, as he was wealthy and childless, some slight touch of self-interest mingled with the wish to keep him amongst them, as it soon became apparent he would be anything but a pleasant addition to the family. Many and loud were the complaints of the younger branches against Uncle Benjie, (for so they chose to abbreviate Benjamin;) and even the squire himself, notwithstanding his equanimity, was sometimes annoyed by his peevishness and ill-humor. But with regard to the children, I really sympathized with him, for they were a most undisciplined set; and often had I suffered myself from their inroads into my apartment, which were generally followed by the

loss of some perhaps indispensable article of my toilet. Their noise, too, was terrific, and it was vain to remonstrate — the squire loved it; the eldest girl, Caroline, who ought to have taken her mother's place, and kept something like order, was wholly occupied in assisting the curate of the parish in visiting and instructing the poor, and the younger ones only assisted to increase the noise. They positively hated their unfortunate uncle; they even disliked the Indian-like atmosphere of sandal-wood, by which he was always surrounded; and one curly-headed rogue actually bestowed a bottle of choice perfume upon the rough crest and velvet ears of an old deer-hound who shared their gambols, much to the disgust of the dog. The unfortunate nabob, as may be supposed, did not become *more* amiable under all these provocations; he grew daily more irritable and dyspeptic; he could not sleep, and all the sedatives of the family apothecary failed of any beneficial effect. If he *did* sleep, he was tormented with unquiet dreams, and often spent the night in contending with imaginary robbers for his dearly acquired treasure. He was of a suspicious nature, and often thought that the trifles he missed, which were, in reality, abstracted by the children, was part of a conspiracy to rob him amongst the servants; and circumstances seemed really at last to justify his suspi-

cions, for one after another various valuable articles disappeared in a most mysterious manner. The children declared he hid them himself, on purpose to torment people; and the servants, who were apparently honest and faithful, did their utmost to discover the culprit, but in vain. At length a purse, containing some valuable coins, and, worse than all, a ring of still greater value, disappeared — they certainly were curious things to steal, but they were gone — and Uncle Benjie was distracted. He valued the ring more than anything he possessed: it was of massive Indian gold, engraved with eastern characters, and was the admiration of the children as it dangled on his skinny finger. It was always deposited at night in a sandal-wood box, that stood upon his dressing-table — box and ring had vanished!

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the whole house, which was increased by vague rumors of a figure in white seen to glide along the garden-walks by moonlight. This story was, naturally enough, treated by the younger Mr. Ratcliffe as an invention of the guilty parties; and the poor squire, in a paroxysm of despair, wrote to me, requesting, if I loved him, I would instantly repair to F——, and bring all my legal knowledge to bear upon this painful subject. I obeyed the summons, delighted, on

any pretext, to escape into the country, and anticipating some amusement from the cause of my visit. I found, however, on my arrival, that it was no laughing matter; my old friend looked perplexed and unhappy, the nabob forgot his physical infirmities, and raged like a Bengal tiger; the excitement had evidently so quick ened the action of his liver that he appeared a new man. He allowed me *one* day for my investigation, at the end of which time, if I could make out nothing satisfactory, he protested he would put the affair into the hands of the magistrates. The servants were anxious for the fullest investigation; but the most remarkable change was in the children, who crept about the house in comparative silence, and avoided Uncle Benjie's door as if they expected the ghost in white, hinted at before, to issue forth. The only person who appeared unconcerned on the subject was Miss Caroline, and I was rather displeased that she continued her walks with the curate, without appearing to care for the discomfort which prevailed at home.

Upon retiring for the night, I summoned to my dressing-room the old lady who, having officiated for nearly half a century as nurse and housekeeper in the family, had presided over the establishment since Mrs. Ratcliffe's death. A flood of tears was her first reply to my questions, but

when these subsided I could learn nothing that could in the least tend to elucidate the mystery; on the contrary, what she told me rather increased it, as it appeared the valuables missing disappeared without the slightest trace of their exit. I touched upon the subject of the ghost, and, after looking around the room as if she half expected it would appear, she assured me that the keeper had seen it more than once, gliding about the walks below the grotto. With this information she retired, leaving me to my own meditations, which, it must be owned, were rather of a perplexing nature.

What to do — what steps to take, I knew not. I paced the room till, between my perplexities and the heat of the night, I was in a perfect fever. It was vain to attempt to sleep, so, throwing myself into a chair by the open window, I tried to calm my mind with gazing on the fair scene without. Gradually the softness of the hour beguiled me; I sunk into a dreamy reverie — almost, I suppose, into sleep — when the large stable clock struck one. I started up, as the dull, heavy sound fell upon my ear. I looked again from the window: surely — I rubbed my eyes — but there, surely, by that bed of geraniums I knew so well, stood a tall, white figure; it moved suddenly forwards, and threw down a flower-pot — I saw it fall distinctly. To rush down stairs

through one of the glass doors, (I believe they were never fastened,) and out into the garden, was the work of a moment, — but nothing could I see but the flowers, looking almost as brilliant as in the day in the flood of light which so picturesquely softened the grotesque statues which our ancestors supposed *ornamented* their terraced gardens. In no mood, however, to pause over the beauties of the scene, I rushed on to the spot where the vision had appeared; there lay the broken flower-pot, proving to me it was no trick of the imagination. I paused, breathless, for some indication of the path it had taken, and, seeing a small gate open which led to the grotto, I rushed down the steep and rough path with so little caution, that, catching my foot in the moss-covered root of a tree, I fell on my face in the bushes. And here, gentle reader, I must remain a few minutes, while I indulge in a short description of one of the sweetest spots in the universe. About half way down the above mentioned path, a little to the right, stands a grotto, from whence, between the trees, which have been suffered to grow a little too wildly, you catch glimpses of the opposite river. Descending still lower, you find yourself in a tangled bower, impervious to either sun or shower, luxuriously cool and fresh in the hottest day. On one side of this romantic little glen, the ground rises so

precipitously, and the trees grow into such grotesque entanglements, as to bar all entrance; but on another is a winding path I have often followed, and just in the very spot you would wish, lies a fallen tree, where, with some pleasant book, or in commune with your own heart, you might forget time and space. On one side, too, is a natural cavern, of no great depth, and generally full of dead leaves, which always seemed to me admirably adapted for an ice-house. I have heard Mr. Ratcliffe say, that, excepting that the trees grow every year wilder and more entangled, the spot remains the same as when, in the boyhood of his brother and himself, it was their favorite place to play at hide-and-seek. But descriptions are proverbially tiresome, so I return to my tale. Extricating myself with some trouble from the thick bower of fragrant seringa into which I had fallen, and shaking off the snowy blossoms, I proceeded more slowly and carefully until I reached the turning to the grotto. And here I paused a little to reflect on my situation. I was alone, unarmed — even without a stick — and beyond the reach of aid, unless the keeper or his assistants chanced to be within call; the thief, if thief it was, was, doubtless, prepared for resistance. This, then, was the pretended ghost; the very word, in idea only, produced an unpleasant feeling. Pshaw! do

ghosts open gates, and throw down flower-pots? I advanced to the grotto; a bat, apparently more frightened than myself, flew out in my face; I persevered, however, and looked in — it was empty. I sat down a few moments to consider what I should do next: a rustling sound caught my ear — the night was perfectly still. I advanced to the brow of the hill, and distinctly heard a footstep among the last year's leaves, that lay deep in some parts of the dell below. I crept lower down, and endeavored to peep between the trees, but the foliage was so thick I could see nothing. I then began, with a beating heart, to descend the hill, still hearing at intervals the leaves cracking under the tread of the foot below, when, just before I reached the fallen tree I mentioned before, I came suddenly upon the object of my search. About twenty or thirty yards before me was a tall figure, robed in white, or some very light color; the back was turned towards me, and it was advancing with hasty step to the rocky cavern at the extremity of the glen. An involuntary exclamation escaped me, but it heeded not. I followed, but it did not appear to hear my steps, though I sunk almost ankle deep in dry leaves. Swiftly and steadily it advanced to the cavern, then stooped as if about to enter. With the strength and energy of despair, I sprang forward, grappled, and rolled

over with — Uncle Benjie! Could I believe my senses? — Was I awake? I assisted him to rise, placed him on the fallen tree, and myself beside him. It *was* Uncle Benjie, clad in a long white dressing-gown, flowered with gold pagodas. He stared at me vacantly, and spoke in such an incoherent way I thought he must be mad. Suddenly a thought struck me,—he had been walking in his sleep. I spoke gently and quietly to him, and with some trouble half led, half carried him into the house, and, calling up his brother, we succeeded in rousing him from his lethargic stupor, when I related to him the events of the night. Instead, however, of following our advice, which was to take one of Squib's composing mixtures and go quietly to bed, he swore at the doctor, and throwing on some of his clothes in great haste, rushed out of the house. We followed, and arrived together at the cavern in the glen, where, diving under the leaves, he brought out first the purse and the ring, box and all, and, by degrees, all the lost treasures that had caused such vexation and perplexities. After staring at one another a little, we burst into a hearty laugh, in which Uncle Benjie cordially joined, and we had some trouble to persuade him to go to bed after all his nocturnal rambles. He rose an altered man. In a conversation we had together afterwards, he told me that, fancying he was

robbed in his brother's house, the dread of losing his valuable effects haunted him day and night; and to this, acting upon a disordered body, he attributed the extraordinary feats of somnambulism he perpetrated. He had been a sleep-walker, too, he told me, when a boy. The rocky dell, he said, had been the favorite haunt of his childhood, which accounted for his choosing it as the spot for depositing his treasures. His gratitude to me was unbounded, but the only proof of it I would consent to receive was, that the ring he valued so much, and which was really curious, should be left to me at his death. Uncle Benjie is now as much beloved by the children as he was formerly disliked; they are even reconciled to his Indian perfume, which they used to declare so suffocating. My next visit to the manor-house is to be on the occasion of Miss Caroline's marriage to the before mentioned curate, who hopes soon to become rector through the kindness of Uncle Benjie.

THE IVY AND THE OAK.

BY MARY HARRIET ACTON.

THERE stood an oak, a gallant oak,
Within a forest proud;
And high above the woodman's stroke
Its leafy branches bowed,
The lord amid the woodland scene
Of all that flourished near;
And round its trunk the ivy green
Had twined for many a year.

Oh! fondly did the ivy cling
Around that stately tree,
And lovely in the budding spring
Its leaves were wont to be;
No storm its clasping stem could move
As round each branch it grew,
And oft the oak had said its love
Was with the ivy true.

But one sad day a nightingale,
From the sweet scented glade,
And the roses of the sunny vale,
To the forest's shelter strayed;

And chose the kingly oak so high
Its resting place to make,
And the tree forgot the ivy nigh
For the gifted stranger's sake!

Oh! the ivy wept both day and night,
Such altered love to know,
And scarcely seemed the sunbeams bright
To its heart so choked with woe;
But the faithless oak still prized the bird,
With its silvery notes so rare,
And its melody the forest heard
Through the balmy summer air.

The steps of winter silently
Came stealing o'er the earth,
And the flowers bent them down to die,
And the leaves forgot their mirth;
And the nightingale, without a look
Of gratitude or pain,
The high and stately oak forsook
For its woodbine home again.

Then the tree's proud heart with shame was torn,
So lightly prized to be,
And the woods around beheld with scorn
Its slighted majesty:
The glowworms in their leafy bower
Laughed gleefully below,
And shook with mirth each forest flower,
Its lowered pride to know.

But though so long thrown coldly by,
The ivy nearer drew,
And o'er the drooping branches nigh
Its brightest leaves it threw;
And never when the dewy spring
Came forth in beauty free,
Did the ivy e'er so firmly cling,
As round that humbled tree.

And dearly for such trusting care
Did the oak its duty prove,
Nor turned again for aught more fair
From its fond and ancient love;
But proudly in the forest shade
Stood long unchanged and true,
And when the stately oak decayed
The ivy withered too!

THE HEROINE OF THE HUON.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

It was a bright spring morning when the signal at Mount Nelson announced a ship in sight, and immediately the yellow flag was hoisted at Mulgrave battery, and proclaimed the welcome news to the inhabitants of Hobart Town. Those of London, that emporium in which culminate all the great interests of existence, could but poorly imagine the emotions excited by the event. Expectation was on tiptoe; the vessel might be from Sydney, from India, above all, it might be from England. At the period of my story all were exiles. Natives, save the dark race which is fast disappearing before the white man, there were none. All, I repeat, were exiles, but all were not *penal* exiles. The exiles to whom I allude were those settlers whom stepdame fortune had driven from their father-land, or whom the hope of winning her favor had allured from it. All these had left their loves and dearest interests behind them, and all their dreams and wishes were directed to the fair fields and bright firesides of their childhood. It is now far otherwise. Van Diemen's Land, like other

lands, has grown national, with the usual exclusive prejudices and partialities. Beautiful girls and gallant youths, born in its sweet valleys, have ripened into womanhood, have become surrounded by a young progeny, and they love the land of their own and their children's birth in a manner impossible to their fathers, to whom it was but the land of adoption.

If the approaching bark was anticipated by many a beating heart in Hobart Town and its vicinity, what were the feelings of those on board the Dart, the gallant ship that had now been nearly five months from England? It carried a miscellaneous assemblage of passengers, and had touched at Cork to take in some women and children who were going to join their husbands and fathers in the colony. In all this freight of humanity there were two women singularly remarkable: the one, Dora Callan, for beauty; the other, Bridget Ryan, for an extreme ugliness, which would have been repulsive, had it not been redeemed by honesty, simplicity, and good nature. She had an infant of a few weeks old, to which she was a tender, watchful mother; but it did not engross her genial heart. She had a kind word for every one, and a helping hand for all who needed her aid: the sick found her ready to forego her rest to soothe his sufferings, and the sorrowing never called upon her sympathy

in vain; and it was soon the feeling of all on board to seek Bridget Ryan under any emergency of annoyance or distress. But, above all, she became to Dora Callan the very stay and prop of her existence: the young creature had come on board in bad health, and with the prospect of becoming a mother, a prospect realized before they were many weeks at sea. In her hour of trial who was beside her? Bridget Ryan. When the new-born made its feeble appeal to its feeble mother, who took it to a cherishing breast? Bridget Ryan. Amid all her own and her infant's wants, she found the means to minister to the wants of the young mother and her nursling; amid all the claims upon her time and toil, she found hours to devote to them.

"Bridget Ryan," said Dora, "I shall never see the far land we are seeking, and one is waiting me there to whom it will be a sore sorrow. Here is his last letter, which I have read every night after my prayers, and every morning as soon as it was light. He will be on the watch for our ship, and among the first on board."

"Heaven speed him, my woman!" exclaimed the cheerful Bridget, "and won't he be proud of the gift you have for him?" she added, looking at the sleeping child; "oh, sure and it is I must be at the merry meeting."

"Who has such right, Bridget? But it will never be."

"Tush, woman dear, tush! Don't talk such nonsense, child. It is the *wakeness* that has come over you. Wait a while, and a blithe christening we 'll have when we are once on shore."

The young mother bowed her beautiful face upon her pillow, and the heaving of her breast revealed the emotion that convulsed her. After an effort at composure, she raised herself in the bed and flung her arms around the neck of her friend.

"Oh, on this wide, wide sea, where I thought to find only danger and sorrow, I have found a friend like unto the mother I have left. You will have her blessing, Bridget, and *his*. Oh, that I might live to tell him all I owe you!"

"Now, Dora, dear, if you go on after this manner," said Bridget, struggling with emotion, and gently trying to disengage herself, "what will I do! Sure I shall be fit for nothing this blessed day — and the babes, too — why we are changing places with them, and crying, as if they could not do it much better than we. Take heart, woman dear, the boy will need all your care."

"All yours, Bridget, all yours. Oh! tell me you will never forsake him. I know it, I feel it, he will soon be alone with you — have only you. Oh, let him creep to your heart when the salt

sea covers his mother. Nay, Bridget, you shall not unclasp my hands till I have your promise; say that in danger, in distress, in sickness, he shall be to you as your own."

"Mother of God, be my witness!" fervently ejaculated Bridget. "He shall have half my heart, half my strength. When I forego my hold of him, sorrow be my portion. But you will live, Dora Callan, and my child may call you mother by *manes* of this boy of ours; for now he is mine, you see, and I *mane* to dispose of him."

A faint smile played upon the lips of the sinking girl in answer to this sportive sally, and then closing her eyes, she folded her hands upon her breast in silent prayer. The prophetic spirit in which the young creature had spoken was soon apparent. A rapid change passed over the fair face; the power of utterance suddenly failed; but while life lingered her grateful and beseeching eyes were raised to the face of Bridget, at whose breast the creature so soon to be orphaned nestled in comfort.

The next night a white hammock was lowered into the sea beneath the solemn starlight. The passengers and crew stood round whilst the captain read the funeral service; his voice often faltered, and at intervals a deep sob was heard; it burst from the bosom of Bridget Ryan, who,

with both children clasped in her arms, kneeled upon the deck. When the solemn ceremony was over, and the fair form of Dora had sunk many fathoms to its deep and silent grave, a low wail of excessive anguish broke from the lips of Bridget.

"Dora Callan! Dora Callan!" she at length uttered, with a deep fervency of tone which was in itself eloquence; "why have you gone from me — from me whose heart loved you like its life? But who may keep what the Great Maker wants? Bright be your place among the angels — welcome be your fair face where all is beautiful! Och! shall I ever forget how sweet you were, how kind, how loving! When you wake from your great winding-sheet, Dora mine, may we, who mourn you now, meet you rejoicing."

Then her voice sunk till its murmurs became inaudible; while rocking herself to and fro on the deck, she covered over the children and bathed them with her tears. Impressed by the scene, all stood in deep silence, watching the subsiding struggles of her grief. Almost unmarked a change of weather had gradually come on, and a more than common activity on board declared that some exigency was approaching. Low winds seemed from afar gathering the clouds that soon overspread the sky, till the hollow dismal wailings became long howls, and

hoarse shrieks, and the darkness grew into blackest night. Oh, for the pen of Cooper to portray the storm which broke above the devoted ship, while it reeled and staggered amid the rage of contending winds and boiling seas! The captain and the crew did their duty firmly. Perhaps there is no energy, no courage, equal to that of the English sailor; no sense of duty so high, so perfectly, so nobly fulfilled. Vain were all their efforts; the sea surged above the yards, sweeping down on the doomed bark, which would bravely rise again and again above the briny deluge. Desperately she ploughed her wild way, till at midnight she became a total wreck on one of the small islands in D'Entrecastreaux's channel.

The morning broke at length, but it came rather to reveal than to relieve their distress. When the vessel struck, a shriek, compounded of many wild voices, pierced the thick darkness; the masts went by the board, a rushing sea swept the deck, carrying many despairing wretches into the engulfing waters; but with the grey drear light of morning came a lull. The captain, who still survived, with some few of the passengers and crew, felt deep anxiety for the fate of Bridget, and was seeking her, inquiring for her, when she crept forth with the two children in her arms. "The bravest heart on board,

by heavens!" he exclaimed, as he beheld her. "Hope on," he continued, springing forward, "we are descried; there are boats making towards us!" At these words Bridget started to her feet, just as a tremendous wave struck the ship, and, sweeping the deck, carried her and the children overboard. Much is said of human selfishness in the emergencies of great danger, and much is of course exhibited, but so powerfully had Bridget's example and beauty of character impressed her fellow-sufferers, that the most vital interest was felt in her fate, and, at this catastrophe, many cried aloud, "Save her! Save her!" while at the moment hopeless of saving themselves. The boats, which had put off from Brune Island, redoubled their efforts. Bridget succeeded in grasping a fragment of timber, and thus kept herself afloat; the heavy rain, which had been some time falling, increasing, refreshed her, and the sea subsided, as if calmed by the tears of heaven; the cheering voices of the approaching men kept alive the pulses of her heart, and at last Bridget and the children were rescued, the little helpless creatures, wonderful to relate, alive. This, however, she scarcely was herself; yet amid what were apparently the pangs of death, her sense of duty was still paramount. Carried on shore, soothing voices and succoring hands were soon around her, but she

made a feeble effort to retain the children, while she exclaimed, with what strength remained to her, "Michael Callan." The name was repeated aloud by those who marked her anxiety, and immediately a young man, who had helped to man the boat that saved her, pressed eagerly forward. "Here I am," he cried; "what would you with Michael Callan?" He was directed to the dying woman; he knelt down beside her. Bridget opened her eyes, which a moment before had been closing in the last extreme of exhaustion and faintness, "Are you he?" she asked. "I am, Michael Callan." "Now the Father of mercy and all his saints be praised!" she faintly ejaculated. "Michael Callan, here is your child — DORA'S CHILD!" and with these words her long sustained energies forsook her, and she sunk insensible into the arms of the people near her.

The story soon spread through the colony, and by the time Bridget was restored to health and strength, she found herself possessed of a little fortune. . All who like herself had survived the wreck, bore testimony to her Christian charity and heroism, and from every quarter of the island subscriptions in her behalf poured in. Her home was on the banks of the Huon; thither every year Michael Callan and his boy make a pilgrimage to the fond friend of Dora, and the faithful preserver of her child.

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HYMN OF NATURE.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

O! blest art thou whose steps may rove
Through the green paths of vale and grove,
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow!
And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee nought so fair
As Nature's varied marvels there;
And if thy pure and artless breast
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest!
For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows;
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if there thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole;
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power;
If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand;

If Nature's music bid thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise.

If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought;
If there thou lovest His love to read,
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed!

THE SACRIFICE.

A STORY OF THE LAST WHITE ROSE.

"RED roses are the fashion now-a-days, fair lady," was the exclamation of a knightly-looking personage, as, forcing himself without much trouble through a break in the hedge, he stood by the side of the Lady Somerton: "Red roses are the fashion, yet I perceive you gather only the white ones; now if you will accept my aid in the assortment of your posy, I shall enliven it with the blushing flower. See, too, how much hardier these are than those pale, sickly buds."

Lady Somerton was startled by the first words which fell upon her ear, and the pale roses trembled in her grasp; but ere Sir Pierre Brandon's speech was concluded, she recovered, by an effort of the will, at least the semblance of composure. She could not but return the courteous greeting of Sir Pierre, for though unknown to him by any formal introduction, she had received, three days previously, a signal service at his hands. Whether in search of white roses or wild flowers, we cannot tell, but she had been tempted on that occasion to wander beyond the precincts of the park, and, unconscious till too late that the

country was being scoured by the king's troops, had been rudely accosted by a party of soldiers. Utterly ignorant *at that time* of the meaning of their questions, she was yet painfully alarmed by their rude and imperious behavior; when Sir Pierre, riding up, dispersed them by a word, and then, with the chivalry of a soldier and a gentleman, escorted Edith and her old attendant to the gates of Somerton Park. To her deliverer she therefore felt truly grateful, and though she could have wished that he had caught her in some other act than that of gathering white roses, she accepted his offer in as playful a manner as she could command, and added the Lancastrian bouquet with which he supplied her to those Yorkist buds she had already gathered.

"Now have you a most loyal offering," exclaimed Sir Pierre, striving to meet with his own searching glance the soft eyes of Edith Somerton, — "meet even for the wise Tudor himself, since you retain just enough fair blossoms — poor things that they are — to remind him of the wife he has raised to share his throne."

She did not look up, though she felt her cheek grow pallid for a moment, and then the rebel blood return with added vigor to dye it crimson. How many a warm rejoinder hovered on her lip, which prudence warned her to restrain! But she only murmured,

"Alas! that a sweet flower should ever have been chosen as the type of civil discord! Flowers, fit emblems only of peace and joy; — flowers, a remnant of paradise; — flowers, which in their fragrant breaths, and beauteous forms, bear a message from heaven, that earth was not made only for sin and woe. Flowers! what have ye to do with violence and death, with orphans tears, and widows' wailing?"

"To deck the conqueror's brow, fair lady."

"Unmeet — unmeet."

By this time they had approached the house, and though for many reasons Edith little desired to introduce a stranger guest, and that guest a Lancastrian knight, she felt that to offer a marked slight to Sir Pierre would be the most dangerous policy she could pursue. Yet her voice trembled as she said, "Sir Hugh Somerton desires to thank you for the service you rendered his wife; and though at this moment he is not at home, and I therefore will not ask you to enter, he would blame me, if I did not urge you to favor him with a visit ere you quit our neighborhood."

"Then, lady, I must pay it before sunset; so, by your leave, I will wait on him in an hour."

Lady Somerton hurried to her chamber, where, casting one rapid glance around, to be certain that she was alone, she gave vent to her feelings

in a flood of tears. But this was no hour for the indulgence of such feminine weakness; and soon removing all outward signs of her emotion, she separated the two bouquets, although terrified in the midst of the task by the sound of a bell which proclaimed the quick flight of time. Then descending from her chamber, she entered her husband's favorite room, in which an air of luxury and refinement prevailed, unusual at that period. But Sir Hugh's father had been a merchant-knight in the days of the merchant-monarch Edward the Fourth, and this circumstance might account for the costly carpet, and sumptuous hangings, which decorated the apartment. Till the lady entered it was untenanted, which quickly perceiving, she approached a seemingly ponderous cabinet of ebony; scarcely, however, had she touched a spring, when, revolving on hinges, it swung forward by its own weight, revealing a secret door in the wall. The next moment Edith stood within a rude and narrow chamber, but as she advanced towards the occupant of this retreat, she would have kneeled to offer a subject's homage, had he not caught her hands and prevented the obeisance. She was in the presence of one, whom history scarcely knows how to designate. For, as each cycle passes by, rescuing stern truths from the disguises heaped upon them by ignorance, or power, or prejudice,

the more inclined are we to recognize RICHARD PLANTAGENET in him who has so long been regarded as the impostor, PERKIN WARBECK!

"I come, your highness," said Lady Somerton, "at my husband's bidding, to ask if there be any service I can render in his absence to break the tedium of the day. He is himself riding towards Exeter, to put the despatch intended for the Lady Katherine into the hands of the trusty serving man who is deputed as the messenger. And, my liege, an hour after sunset—"

"A horse will be ready to convey me to the sole refuge my hard destiny yields me."

"'T is but for a brief interval your faithful friends advise their prince to secure his safety in the Holy Sanctuary of Beaulieu. Only while they gather his scattered troops to rally round his banner."

"While I must rest in idleness! By Heaven! my heart and mind will rot away the body, even as the sword's rust eats into the scabbard!"

"My king!"

"Forgive me, lady. Rather let us speak of the time—for surely it will come—when a grateful monarch shall prove his obligations to his tried friends."

Not till that moment did Edith perceive that in her agitation she had provided herself with the red roses instead of the fair Yorkist blossoms,

which she had intended to present to her guest! *He* divined the cause of her emotion, for as tears again flowed, she exclaimed, "Oh! how evil an omen!"

"By defying, I will overrule the omen. Give them me, lady; and though they wither on my heart, I will keep them for my coronation — it will be useful in prosperity to be reminded of an hour like this."

"Rather would I sacrifice the best blood of my house!" exclaimed Lady Somerton, trampling the flowers beneath her feet.

"Hush!" said her guest; "tempt not fate by the offer of a sacrifice. Unhappy Richard!" and he buried his face in his hands.

Edith endeavored to soothe and comfort her guest, and though anxious to be the first to encounter Sir Hugh on his return, lingered in cheering conversation for another half-hour: and when she quitted the chamber, or closet, as it might more properly be called, she did so by a different outlet to that by which she had entered. The secret recess, alas! so often necessary in the troublous times of which we write, communicated also with the chapel, where beneath their sculptured tombs reposed many of Sir Hugh's ancestors. The walls were hung with martial trophies, and implements of war, as even to this day we find — so strong is old custom — religious

fanes, polluted by mementos of strife and bloodshed. Here, to her astonishment, she found two stranger monks in company with Ralph Willoughby, the busy idler — the wild madcap, but faithful servant — the jester of the family. He was in the entire confidence of his master, as indeed his presence there testified, for none other could have obtained access to the chapel. Hurriedly he related that the holy men belonged to the fraternity of Beaulieu; that they had come hither provided with a cowl and gown in which to disguise the fugitive, the more safely to conduct him to their sanctuary.

"Is Sir Hugh returned?" exclaimed Lady Somerton, with anxiety; "knows he of your plans?"

"Lady, we come at his suggestion," replied the elder of the two, "ostensibly to perform mass for the soul of his brother; the anniversary of whose death this chances to be, Heaven forgive the deception!" and the monk crossed himself devoutly as he added, "we will perform seven masses as an atonement."

"Will your masses," chimed in Ralph, the jester, who could be earnest enough when occasion called, — "will your masses, holy fathers, spirit away the foul fiend who I think now holds Sir Hugh prisoner in the east-chamber, in the

shape of that Tudor knight, Sir Pierre Brandon?"

Lady Somerton started and turned pale with fear — for the east-chamber was that from which she had entered the fugitive's retreat; and but too truly did she dread that Sir Pierre was even now on some secret service of the king to arrest his steps. Much was there in their converse that morning which led to this belief, and quickly did she communicate her fears to the party in the chapel. For a few moments there was silence, which Ralph was the first to break.

"It is not possible," said he, "to warn Sir Hugh of our fears or our plans; but if you will take the fool's advice, it is this. Quickly let him don the garments you have brought, and thus our prince may escape at once, instead of waiting till sunset, the time proposed. I will take his place, and if they try the cabinet door, will hold out as stoutly as if the right man were there, and thus give time for him to escape."

The plan seemed so judicious and feasible, that it was instantly agreed on, and quickly put into execution; and the half-hour thus gained, it might be, protracted for a few months the liberty of *him* whom we yet scarcely know how to name, or reserved his life for a sadder ending than the sword's point would have proved. But

not without a sacrifice could such a respite be purchased!

Prophetic were the fears of Lady Somerton. The faithful Ralph immured himself in the secret chamber, and she remained in trembling prayer within the chapel. The reverend fathers joined in her devotions, for so far did they adhere to their original plan, that they determined on joining the hapless Perkin at a spot where they had appointed to meet after sunset. But for a while we must follow Sir Hugh to the east-chamber.

On his return home he had hastened to that favorite apartment, and his hand was actually on the spring which would have opened the way to the secret retreat, when Sir Pierre Brandon was announced. Ostensibly he came to pay a visit of civility, but the mask was quickly thrown off, when, raising a whistle to his lips, one shrill note filled the room with soldiers, who, in the king's name, had orders to search the mansion for the traitor! Ere, however, a sword was drawn, he offered a free pardon to Sir Hugh, for all past connivance, on condition that he gave up the offender. With the chivalry of his age and character, he would probably have refused under any circumstances to surrender the defenceless to the strong arm of constituted authority; how then could he betray him, whom he devoutly considered his lawful sovereign? Calling loudly

on the few retainers who were within hearing he placed his back, as if by accident, against the ebony cabinet, determined to defend that entrance to the last. Soon was that gorgeous chamber the scene of death and bloodshed, for soldiers and retainers both fell in the strife. It was clear, however, that Sir Pierre had obtained some clue to the secret entrance, for to the cabinet were the soldiers' efforts directed, and but a moment before it was forced, did Sir Hugh receive his mortal wound!

The whistle — the cry — the clash of swords — had aroused the prayerful trio in the chapel from their devotions; and now that she felt the realization of her fear, all the woman was awakened in her bosom, and though loyalty and faith towards the wanderer slumbered not for an instant, Lady Somerton began to understand the price which might be paid for them. The shortest way to the east-chamber was through the secret closet; but, alas! there was a strong reason that the entrance by the cabinet should be guarded to the last moment. Swift, therefore, as the thought which dictated her action, she fled from the chapel and crossed a court-yard which separated it from the main building. There were none to impede her, and no one did she meet but a frightened waiting-woman. Even as she rushed into the chamber, still the scene

of mortal contention, the rude soldiers instinctively made way for the wife to pass, — and almost at the moment that Sir Hugh received his death-wound, and the secret door yielded, his beloved Edith sank upon his bosom, and, unconscious of his state, whispered, in accents only intelligible to him, the flight of Perkin.

When the door opened, honest Ralph, with arms a-kimbo, presented himself to the intruders; but the jest and the jeer, which, as a privileged person, hovered on his lips, were driven back by the sight he beheld. And while the soldiers, no longer impeded, ransacked the secret passages of the house, Ralph, the jester, and two or three of the faithful servants who had remained unharmed through the conflict, conveyed their master, at his urgent request, through the chamber so lately tenanted by "The White Rose" (as his followers proudly called him,) to the old chapel we have mentioned already. It was the age of romance in love, and superstition in religion, and even at that moment, when the brave Sir Hugh felt assured that his life-blood was ebbing away, he asked that his soul might quit its prison of clay in a consecrated place, and the parting gaze of his beloved Edith might meet his own on the spot where their marriage vows were solemnized. Scarcely an hour did he survive, but the reverend fathers who had come at

his bidding for so different a purpose, had time to offer him the last consolations of religion; and on his father's tomb, supported by the arm of the faithful Ralph, and solaced — as love can solace, even such an hour — by the presence of Edith — the sacrifice to loyalty was completed!

The remainder of Perkin Warbeck's career, and his ignominious fate at last, belong to history; and this is not the place to moot his pretensions to be called "The White Rose of York." Certain it is that he had partisans among the regal — nay, the Plantagenets themselves — and among the noble, the wealthy, and the wise. They must have had better opportunities of judging of his claims than can be found by the reflected light of the records which remain; and allowing for the fallibility of human judgment, and yet more largely for the party interests of the period, it is not difficult to understand the sincere belief in his identity, which his followers undoubtedly entertained. And, alas! Plantagenet or Fleming, many were the *sacrifices* to the last banner blazoned with the White Rose!

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

Farewell to the shore where my father is sleeping!
Oh, sweet and unbroken his rest may it be!
Farewell to the home where my mother is weeping
Her first-born — her dearest — alas! alien me!
Far away from the friends whom I loved in my childhood,
Estranged from the hearts that I clung to of yore,
I will seek me a rest in the desert or wild-wood,
And my country and kindred shall see me no more!

LIFE BEHIND THE COUNTER;

OR, THE DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

" We do too little feel each other's pain,
We do too much relax the social chain
Which binds us to each other! "

L. E. L.

CHAPTER I.

" SEND away the tea things, Mrs. M., it is past seven o'clock; Herbert must have dropped in somewhere, I am sure," was the exclamation of Mr. Markham on a certain winter's evening, as, crossing his slippered feet before the fire, he returned a large silver watch to its stand on the mantel-piece, and drew from his pocket the evening paper.

" Aunt," whispered a gentle voice on the other side of the room, " may I ask Jenny to save the tea-pot, in case Herbert should not have had either dinner or tea? I know he is gone about a situation; he took down the particulars of two or three advertisements this morning."

" You know, Alice, the servants — " Here, however, Mrs. Markham's speech was cut short by a ring of the bell, so we can only surmise

what the remainder would have been. Herbert had returned; but before he is introduced to the reader, let me say a few words about his uncle and aunt, the present host and hostess of himself and his sister.

Mr. Markham was what is called one of the most "respectable" men in the city, and that emphatic word comprehends a world of proprieties. He was in the grocery line of business,—his shop situated in one of those narrow, crooked streets, the tall houses of which, it is said, (if not swept away to make healthy openings and modern improvements,) may still outlast the buildings of to-day. In that house had he begun business; and in that house Mr. John, his only son, married and taken into partnership long ago, now resided; his "respectable" parent having of late years preferred the luxuries of a morning and evening ride in his one-horse chaise to and from his suburban residence. It is not worth while to say on which side of London this was chosen, for the suburbs have a strong family likeness, differing only as much as rich and poor relations may do. They all have their Minerva Terraces and Belle Vue Cottages, and now-a-days Albert Roads and Victoria Squares. They all, too, have their little-great people, from the reigning beauty, whose Sunday attire sets the fashions of the place, to perchance some county

magistrate or *ci-devant* lord mayor, who is looked on as a second Solon, providentially sent to enlighten the world. Trifling as such weaknesses seem, at which we are all inclined to smile, grave mischief arises from them; for almost all our social evils arise from a want of that extended sympathy, which, stretching over the barriers of *class*, should communicate good — like light — without being impoverished, nay, multiplying it rather, as by reflecting mirrors. Now the system of *cliques*, whether they be of the witty or wealthy, or of the little-great people of a suburban neighborhood, strikes at the root of all this. It hedges a little party round with a thick stone wall, impervious to mortal sight, while the melancholy part of the affair is that the poor deluded prisoners think their dungeon is the world. Mr. Markham's world consisted of the people with whom he transacted business in the day, (he always dined with his son in town,) and the two or three neighbors they visited; but as they all belonged to the same *genus*, I do not think he ever knocked out a cube of his wall, through which to take a peep beyond. His only daughter, an elderly young lady of about thirty, and his wife, completed the home circle, to which his orphan nephew and niece had lately been introduced.

The father of Herbert and Alice had been a

very different character from his elder brother He had been a music master in a provincial town; and though early left a widower, had brought up his children in much respectability. But so precarious did he know such a means of existence as his own to be, that it had long been the wish of his heart to establish Herbert in trade. Of his brother he knew little else than that he was a prosperous man; and when he found that an illness of some standing had assumed a dangerous turn, it was a very natural thing to leave his children to the guardianship of his only relative, and two hundred pounds, the savings of a life, to his care till they should be of age. Mr. Markham considered that the only sensible wish "poor Charles" had ever expressed was that Herbert should be a tradesman; it met his cordial approbation; but as for advancing any of the two hundred pounds for apprenticing him, he should do nothing of the kind. The youth was nearly seventeen; let him get a situation which would "lead to something." Alice, who was three years her brother's senior, was equally desirous of independence; and perhaps the fondest hope of both their hearts was that they should not be separated. Yet they both knew that there were few situations in which this would be the case; therefore was Alice proportionally grateful when she heard

from Herbert, on that eventful evening, the cause which had detained him so late. He had found employment for himself and sister as assistants in an extensive drapery establishment; nothing remaining to be settled except Alice seeing the parties, and the necessary reference to their uncle being made.

What a benevolent dispensation of Providence it is, that youth soaring aloft on the wings of hope and expectation, and looking at life as it *will* look through its own brightly colored imagination, should find in its own untried spirit the strongest weapon of defence against the world with which it must wrestle! How else could the suffering youth of this great metropolis, not counted by tens and by hundreds, but by tens of thousands, live through their fearful course of slavery, in numbers sufficient to make at last their deep-toned cry audible. Alas! alas! we take no account of the myriads who have sunk after their term of suffering into the crowded sepulchres or the dense city. And yet how great a thing is every human heart, with its little world of hopes and fears, its warm affections, its trusting faith, its bright imaginings! And how desolate, indeed — desolate as the last survivor of a world's wreck — must that one be who hath not some dear ones to mourn and rejoice with him. So desolate, that I would fain believe the earth

counts them by units; and least of all do I believe they would be found among the struggling and oppressed, for such have warm sympathies. But this is a mass of misery, past, irrevocable, though good for us sometimes to think on; there is another picture yet more painful, because more present to our sight, and more disastrous in its results. The myriads who do not die, but purchase a lingering life by the sacrifice of health for its remainder; or worse still, the myriads whose minds are warped by evil training, and then in their weakness are corrupted by overpowering temptation—who are themselves made selfish by cruel oppression, and whose tempers are irritated (catching the infection beyond all cure) by the endurance of constant acts of petty tyranny! Reader, is this a digression? Nay, only a dirge ere we drew up the curtain.

The establishment of Messrs. Scrape, Haveall and Co. was situated in one of the principal thoroughfares of London. From small beginnings it had grown into an "immense concern;" over the squares of plate glass, each of which was as large as a moderate sized dining table, which formed the shop windows, ran a line of figures, intimating that five houses had been taken in, namely, from 70, —— street, to 74, inclusive. Brussels carpets and gilded mirrors adorned the interior, showing to advantage the

gorgeous fabrics — here suspended in graceful festoons, there in studied but apparently careless disorder, again in massive heaps — conveying altogether an air of wealth and profusion, that might make the heart tingle with a just pride at the power, energy and resources of our princely merchants. But Messrs. Scrape and Haveall required — to cut their satins, measure ribbons, fold shawls, and perform duties of the like kind, innumerable as are the stars of heaven — nearly one hundred assistants; mostly young men and women between twenty and thirty years of age, though a few of them had passed the latter period of life, and some — Herbert and Alice Markham for instance — were still in their teens; and the heart turning to such blighted youth forgets wealth and splendor.

It was towards the close of a May day — bright May, when the hedgerows are sweet, and the hawthorn in blossom; when even the dusty lilacs in the London squares put forth their pale flowers, and the smoke-begrimed sparrows twitter their merriest note. But the large rambling shop of Messrs. Scrape, Haveall and Co., with its long straight counters, and winding ways, where the houses taken in joined one another, was redolent of anything rather than spring flowers. The atmosphere formed by so many human breaths being of that close, unpleasant

character which makes the buyer of a yard of ribbon exclaim, even on a winter's day, "How pleasant to get into the fresh air again!" Walking up and down the shop, occasionally speaking in courteous phrase to a customer, and often reprimanding an assistant, was a man of about forty. It was not that his features were irregular, but there shone through them so cold and hard an expression, that every one would have called him an ordinary man. He walked with a shuffling gait, and it might have been observed that he wore a peculiar sort of gaiter, the better to support and conceal the bandages it was necessary to wear. For as linendrapers' assistants are *never* allowed to sit, except during the few minutes in which they snatch their meals, swollen legs and absolute disease are the quite common results of fourteen or fifteen hours' standing; and this is a low average to what is and has been!

This superintendent, or shop-walker, — hardened into a tyrant by the wrongs of his own youth, — was speaking to a lady near the door, when Alice and Herbert chanced to meet, without either of them being at the moment engaged in waiting on a customer. They were at the further end of the shop, and instinctively withdrew a few paces till they brought themselves behind a pile of goods, which shielded them from

observation. To converse in business hours, even if there were nothing to do, was a forbidden pleasure; nevertheless, it was indulged in for a few moments, especially as it was evident Alice had been weeping bitterly.

"No, no, not for myself," said she, in answer to his inquiries; "it is that you should have acted their falsehoods as I have seen you do to-day."

"What have you seen me do?" replied Herbert, his face flushing, and yet in a tone of voice that implied a resolution to brave out aught he had done.

"A poor trick; a lady wished some silk — it was not that what you showed her was too inferior for her taste, but it was not dear enough, in her opinion, to be good; you saw this — you feigned to fetch another piece, but you only cut that in half, and added a shilling a yard to the price."

"And suppose I had not done so, she would have left the shop without purchasing."

"Well?"

"Do you know why poor Martin was dismissed so suddenly last week?"

"I did not hear the reason exactly; — impertinence, they said."

"A refusal to do such things as these; and by a perversity of fortune, thrice in one day, per-

sons who spoke to him went away without buying."

"But, Herbert, wrong cannot come right," returned Alice, raising her earnest, tearful eyes again to his.

Herbert put his hand affectionately upon her shoulder, and was about to speak, when an angry voice, crying "Markham — Mr. Markham, where are you?" quickly separated them; yet was it a moment they could never forget; a seemingly trifling incident, like many we can all bring to mind, that take fast hold of the memory whether we will or not. In reality, it was the moment in which the sister felt that the influence — the sort of affectionate authority her three years' seniority had hitherto given her — was over. The chain of habit was broken; she could now only lure to right by soft persuasion or bright example. Yet one had overheard their discourse, and had read both their hearts, by that intuitive knowledge of human nature which genius gives. For genius lived and had its being in at least one noble heart behind that counter; genius of that high order which makes its possessor the pioneer to a promised land, even when meeting, as more or less such minds so often do, with scorn and ingratitude; forming as it were the living angle of a wedge, that makes the opening, to die perchance in achieving it.

"If we can get out by half-past ten to-night, will you take a stroll with me?" said William Howard to Herbert Markham, an hour or so after the conversation of the latter with his sister, to which I have just alluded.

"Why, I don't know — I am sure," replied Herbert in a hesitating manner; "I half promised to go with some of them to a shilling concert, and to supper afterwards."

"You had better change your mind," returned the other; "a walk in the fresh air — say across one of the bridges — will do you much more good, besides costing you nothing."

"Oh! I don't mind a few shillings."

"I know that; but I wish you would come with me instead; I really want to speak to you."

It seemed that William Howard could always have his will, when he took the trouble of trying for it. And yet none of them could account for his influence, although many felt it. In person he was slight and fair, with a high forehead, shaded by soft brown hair, which, though he could not have numbered more than eight and twenty years, was already streaked with white; his eyes were of that changing color which so frequently belongs to genius, and which might be called chameleon grey; while, alas! the hectic cheek and frequent cough told a tale of suffering to those who could read such signs.

Herbert scarcely knew how it was that he had been so easily persuaded to give up the concert; yet, certain it is, that towards midnight he found himself inhaling the pure air from the river, instead of the vitiated atmosphere of a crowded room. Moreover, he was enjoying the conversation of his companion extremely; perhaps, too, his vanity was a little gratified that Howard — whom he soon discovered to be no ordinary person — should think it worth while to converse with a youth like himself so seriously; for they had, in fact, become quite confidential, and they spoke of their mutual hardships with the freedom of friendship. They stood on Waterloo bridge, the slanting shadow of whose arches was thrown distinctly on the rippling waters by the bright moon above, as it seemed to rend asunder every now and then the fleecy floating clouds. There was a hush, a repose about the scene, affecting even to the most careless, after the fatigue, and noise, and feverish hurry of the day; while north and south, and east and west, arose the darkening masses of domes and dwellings, and above them the lurid glare which, once observed, is always recognized as the reflection of London's myriad gas lights.

"How wealth and poverty neighbor one another!" said William Howard, after a pause; "and yet they are unknown to each other, and

have worlds more widely different than thousands who dwell in different hemispheres. *This* is the mischief, — the intense selfishness which, having no faith in a governing Providence, will plan and purpose for its little self, according to its little knowledge, getting entangled in an inextricable manner in its vain efforts to work out truth from a falsity, 'right' out of 'wrong.' It is this fearful selfishness, this want of human sympathy, that is the canker stretching through the social chain, even to the sufferings of you and me."

"Perhaps;" replied Herbert, but half understanding his companion, and yet deeply interested in their discourse; "but how is it to be cured? I have heard politicians say it is easy to discover a fault, but often very difficult to remove it."

"By working a different problem," returned Howard, without attending to the last observation, — "by working *from* right, whithersoever it may lead, instead of struggling after happiness by the cross roads which have no connection with it. It is by moral influence — no other force — that the suffering must have their wrongs redressed. The light will come — the dawn is already apparent."

"Is it true that you write poetry?" said Herbert; — a strange rejoinder, yet not *mal-a-propos*.

William Howard smiled as he continued — "I do not call my verses by so dignified a name. Strange that to those who find no such channel for their thoughts, the effort seems extraordinary — to me it is so natural. But, Herbert Markham, it was not to talk of poetry that I asked you to walk with me. I have lived in this world — and a beautiful world it is — ten years longer than you have; will you listen to me, and hear my advice, as if I were an elder brother?"

"That will I, and gratefully," said Herbert with real emotion — for he felt the reverence, and yet elevation, we most of us experience when brought into communion with a superior mind.

"You are surrounded by temptations — strong ones I grant, if you look not beyond the present moment — but I entreat you yield not to them. Independent of your own loss, in choosing a path that must lead to ruin, remember that it is by showing ourselves worthy of liberty that we slaves shall become free. Every falling off of an individual is a backward step for our fellow-sufferers. Already a small body is organized, we meet often; will you add another voice, another unit, to a little party who, working out their principles in the light of religion and morality, hope confidently to bring about a better order of things."

"But I am so ignorant," exclaimed Herbert; "what can I do?"

"Only at present be worthy — and yield not to the vile trickeries which disgust while they degrade."

"And do you never," replied Herbert, with real astonishment, "and do you never name two prices, or sell faded articles at candle-light, or soil things to make them seem a bargain, or — "

"Never!"

"And yet have been seven years in the house!"

"At first I suffered severely, and was fined half my salary for my indiscretions; for the list of finable offences was even longer then than it is now. But by one of those consequences — I will not call them accidents — which follow us on the right path, in some unlooked-for manner, it has happened that once I was the means of preventing an extensive robbery; and that three of Messrs. Haveall's best customers have for years insisted on being waited upon by myself — these reasons, I believe, induce them to put up with my 'folly;' and I tell you again there *is* a little band who will not lend themselves to these vile trickeries."

"And yet for seven years you have not bettered yourself. It is a hopeless prospect."

"*Think of doing right; and the bettering for*

all of us will come. But speaking in a worldly point of view, others who have followed the plan have been benefited personally by it; for I need scarcely say that those who resist this sort of temptation are not likely to fall into the habit of seeking bad company; and the very money they have saved from the gulf of idle dissipation has enabled them to start in business for themselves."

"And you — why not you?"

"I am still poor — for I have my dear mother to support."

"What is it your little band are struggling for?" returned Herbert.

"To procure an alteration of existing customs, by which our time of daily labor may be reduced to twelve, or, as I say, ten hours daily. I am satisfied it only remains for our wrongs to be known for them to be redressed; but the evil has grown so gradually and stealthily, that habit has accustomed the world to its frightful reality, and, slow to change, it cannot at first understand the miseries of this monstrous system. Even those who are the greatest sufferers, the most ruined in health and degraded in mind, are often the last to stir for their own relief. In fact, the movement is taking place among the few whose establishments are conducted on upright principles towards their customers, and humanity to their servants; for, my young friend, we have

the sanction of *some* employers on our side, and honor and gratitude are their due. It is our individual misfortune to be under the control of narrow-minded masters, who have not even the understanding to feel the cruelty they are practising; the men who always clog the wheel when social advancement is intended. And this is to be accounted for easily, I think. But come, promise me that you will be one of us — if only for your sweet sister's sake — promise!"

"I do; and I will pray to God to help me keep such promise. Howard, I shall never forget to-night; but there, you are coughing again; is it well for you to be out so late?" And as they walked away from the bridge, the deep tones of St. Paul's boomed forth the midnight hour; while William Howard's continued cough measured time — the mortal term of his life — in a manner as significant!

CHAPTER II.

Three months passed away, changing bright, flowering May to fruitful, golden August. Not that the different seasons, indeed, were much perceived in the establishment of Messrs. Scrape, Haveall and Co.; unless it were that the more balmy the air, or inviting the day for out-of-door enjoyment, the more crowded was the shop, and the later was it kept open; and when at last it

was closed, there were the goods to put away, — so that it was no unusual thing for the jaded and worn-out assistants to see the dawn before retiring to their yet more crowded dormitories — whence to arise, in three or four hours, with wearied limbs and aching head, to fulfil again the sad routine of their unvaried life. Yet though the glad sunshine, or the perfumed summer breezes, made little difference to Herbert and his companions, a change, a something to be felt rather than described, had taken place in the establishment; or perhaps I should say, in a small division of it — for Howard, and the few who listened to his advice, formed, after all, a very decided minority. Yet it was remarkable that these few were the most respectable and best-conducted individuals in the house; and, moreover, the chief favorites with regular customers, who naturally prefer being waited on by some one in whom they have confidence.

It may have been guessed that Alice Markham possessed a stronger mind, and more fixed principles, than her brother; perhaps it was so, or perhaps his youth may be pleaded as an apology for the one act which had caused her so much pain — for in three years, at their age, the mind takes a great spring. However this might be, William Howard soon found that in Alice Markham he had met a kindred spirit — one who in a

righteous cause would play the martyr, either by action or endurance. But why lengthen the tale? — could they speak with earnest reasoning, and exchange high thoughts with glowing enthusiasm, without perceiving that their hearts were growing one? And in the joy and glory of a pure and passionate love — *health* and *life*, and a *few* hours in the four and twenty for *social intercourse and mental improvement*, seemed more than ever worth a struggle. So greatly had poor Alice suffered from the fatigue consequent on such unreasonable hours of attendance in the shop, that William Howard persuaded her to petition for employment in the rooms, where, needlework necessary in making up things for sale being done, she might sit a portion of the day. It is true that this arrangement deprived them of opportunities of exchanging many a cherished word; but in all human probability it saved the life of Alice — we shall see presently for what.

It was the custom of Herbert and Alice to spend a portion of the Sunday with William Howard and his mother. The three usually attended church together, and then taking a walk — for fresh air in the parks if possible — made the humble dwelling of the widow their halting place for the day. Sometimes, but not often, Alice and her brother dined by invitation

at their uncle's; and on one remarkable occasion a postscript was added to the note of invitation, intimating that if they liked to bring with them the young friend they had so often mentioned, he would be welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Markham had invited a new apprentice of the former (with whom he had accepted rather an extra premium) to meet their young visitors, all of whom they received with feelings of hospitality, decidedly strengthened by the pleasant consciousness of patronage. Even the elderly young lady, their daughter, had thought it quite worth while to deck herself in smiles, and put on her most becoming dress. What little kindnesses will kindle gratitude in affectionate hearts! Never had Herbert and Alice felt so much regard for their relatives as from their courtesy they did this day, tracing even in the "nice" dinner of salmon and lamb which had been provided, the thought of their gratification. The consequence was that their hearts were opened, and they conversed with much less reserve than usual; and certain topics at last were started, on which William Howard spoke with the earnest enthusiasm which belonged to his nature.

"O dear!" said Miss Markham, who, having lately adopted ringlets, affected with them extreme juvenility, — "O dear! it would be such a

pity to shut up the shops at dark — it would make the streets look quite dull, I declare!"

"But, madam," replied Howard, "if you think of the tens of thousands who would be made happy by such a custom, the lives that would be preserved, the health that would be retained — and, more than all, the moral advancement which must result from a moderate time being afforded for reading and mental improvement — "

"Oh, sir," said Mr. Markham, very decidedly, "I don't see what apprentices and assistants want with reading. It would fill their heads with a parcel of nonsense — that is all."

Howard colored deeply, yet he continued with much self-control — "I do not say that it is desirable that such persons should become what are called 'literary;' but I hope, Mr. Markham, you will agree with me that some taste for reading, some desire for mental cultivation, must form the best safeguard against habits of idle dissipation; whereas a body jaded and worn by fifteen or sixteen hours of anxious toil, disinclines the mind for action, and tempts too many to seek a momentary stimulant. I may well say anxious toil, for a situation has been known to depend on an assistant persuading a customer to buy an article for which she had no inclination."

'Yes," said Mrs. Markham, "you do plague

one dreadfully. I do declare there is no getting out of a shop without buying."

"Aunt," said Alice gently, "I think the mischief is the system of falsehood it teaches — oh, if you knew the things I have heard and witnessed."

"You should not tell tales out of school, niece," exclaimed her uncle; "every trade has its tricks — that I know."

"More is the pity, though!" said the grocer's apprentice, growing alarmingly bold from the treason to which he had been an attentive listener. There was no verbal answer, but Mr. Markham darted a fiery glance around, which, however, only Alice read correctly; while her aunt again spoke, saying —

"Besides, sir, how could servants and many others, who are engaged all day, make their purchases if the shops were closed at night?"

"I imagine, madam, that under such an arrangement mistresses would allow servants the liberty of going out for this purpose in the day. It has even been argued that it would be an advantage to such persons, inasmuch as they would escape the liability of being imposed on by candle-light, or of purchasing an unsuitable article by accident, and would be less likely to be tempted on occasions to spend their money foolishly, than from the facility they now have

of doing so at all hours. At least, this is the manner in which we meet this common objection; but it certainly rests greatly with those who are free agents, who can purchase at what hours they like, to exert the great influence of example by doing so at early hours."

"It seems to me, young gentleman," replied Mr. Markham, "that in all your arrangements you leave the master's interests entirely out of the question."

"Not so, I assure you, sir; for they would reap many advantages in possessing a superior set of servants, who would have better health, and more alacrity to serve them; — besides, the system of early hours once established, purchasers would make their arrangements accordingly. They would choose the articles they require, early in the day — not go without them; and the result would be active occupation during the hours of business, instead of, as is often the case, only the appearance of it; for we are ordered to seem busy whether we are so or not. Oh, sir, if you only knew the misery and mischief which have gone on for the last thirty years, accumulating and progressing, you would see the necessity of a change."

"No, I do not see it," returned their host, "and I disapprove of this discontent among young people, and beg to hear no more of it.

Young people must take their chance and work their way, as others have done before them."

Yes, in as mortal danger of life as the soldier on the battle-field — (*for this is the computed, ascertained fact*) — from breathing foul air — from want of sufficient rest — from continued over-exertion — from hurried and irregular meals, and frequently improper food; and in the peril of mind and morals which must result from the systematic teaching of much falsehood, and the absence of all leisure for establishing religious principles — for cultivating the intellectual nature, and enjoying the healthful influence of social intercourse. But Mr. Markham, who spoke thus, considered himself a person of strict principles, and above all, of business habits — so that he thought it his duty to apprize the governing powers in the establishment of Messrs. Scrape and Haveall, (they had lately given him a large order for grocery,) that they had a dangerous rebel in their house. The next day William Howard was discharged!

Again three months have passed — changing now golden, glowing August to dull November.

In a very humble dwelling were assembled, one Sunday evening, William Howard, his mother, and Alice Markham. An open Bible was on the table, from which the latter had been

reading aloud, until the gathering tears stayed her voice, and she paused; her listeners knowing too well the reason of her silence to ask it. Alas! William Howard was now a confirmed invalid; — anxiety of mind on losing his situation, and probably, a cold taken in going about seeking another, had completed the work so long begun — the fiat was gone forth — consumption had marked him as its own. He knew the truth, and was resigned to the will of God; not with that dogged, hardened, brute courage, which may meet death unflinchingly, but with that holy trust in His mercy, that while the heart feels the dear ties of life, it has yet strength to say meekly — "Thy will be done!"

"So you think, dear Alice," said Mrs. Howard, making an effort to change the current of all their thoughts, "you think that Herbert and yourself will obtain situations in the establishment we were speaking of, where they close at seven o'clock? — blessings on them, for having the courage and humanity to set such an example."

"I have no doubt of it," said Alice, trying to speak cheerfully; "for they only wait to see Mr. Haveall — and whatever evil may have been going on in the house, he cannot accuse us of participating in it. Ah, William, what a happiness it must be to you, to know that your influ-

ence saved Herbert from becoming as false and unworthy as so many of his companions: and I — oh! how much do I owe you!"

William Howard was scarcely allowed to speak, for the slightest exertion brought on the cough, but he wrote on a slate which was kept near him —

"Less, dearest, than I owe you — truth and virtue never seemed so lovely, as when reflected from your conduct."

There was a long pause after the writing was erased — and presently the bells from neighboring churches were heard sounding for evening service. William Howard wrote upon a slate —

"Mother, will you go to church to-night, and leave me, as you have sometimes done, with Alice?"

Mrs. Howard rose, and kissing his pale forehead, said solemnly, —

"I will pray for all of us — I am inconsiderate to leave you so seldom together."

"No, no," murmured her son, "only for to-night."

The lovers were together. Lovers! what an earthly word for two such beings as William and Alice. The one —

> "Whose shadow fell upon the grave
> He stood so near," —

the other, in the years of opening life, with, in

human probability, a long and solitary course before her. The heart of Alice was too pure for her to play the prude for an instant. She knelt on a stool beside the large easy chair in which he was supported, and, passing her arm round his neck, rested her own head upon his pillow, so that she could overlook the little slate on which he wrote, and murmur her answers into his ear. Nay, I think she pressed a kiss or two upon the skeleton fingers, before they traced these words: —

"Tell me the truth, dear Alice, — where does the money come from, by means of which I am surrounded with so many comforts? It cannot be my mother's needlework that earns it."

"And you are too proud to take a little of our savings?"

"No, darling, I am not. Pride does not become the dying; but more is spent than even this accounts for."

"Then I will tell you," said Alice, after a pause; "I think the truth will give you pleasure. The fellow-assistants who profited by your advice, and who feel that you are among the first few to whom they are indebted for the better order of things which is coming, have insisted on clubbing together to afford you every comfort in your illness."

The slate dropped from his hand, and he *wrote*

no more. Did they both forget the physician's injunction that he should not speak?

"May God bless them for it!" burst feebly from his lips, yet more hurriedly than the phrase could have been written; "and yet," he continued, "they can ill afford it, especially now that they want every guinea to further the plans of the Association for their relief. Oh! Alice, is it really true that so many of the employers have joined?"

"Many," returned Alice, almost joyfully; "many of the most respectable houses already close at seven; and, though they are prepared to suffer a little at first, from the opposition of those who keep open, they seem at last to be carrying out your favorite motto, 'to follow the right whithersoever it may lead.' Nay, they do say that the hours of toil will ultimately be reduced fo ten, — enough for poor humanity, *as we know who have worked.*"

"And for me to rob them at such a time!" murmured Howard, sinking his head upon the shoulder of Alice. She kissed his cheek — his lips — his forehead — and felt the hot tears streaming from his eyes.

"There is a way," said Alice, softly, her cheek tingling, she knew not why, — "there is a means for present need, if it could be adopted. You know my uncle will not give me a farthing of

my hundred pounds, nor can I touch it for some months to come; — yet — yet — it is so left — that — that — if I had married, it would have become my husband's."

"Well, dearest?"

Alice again paused, but her cheek leaned against his — her lips touched his ear — and she murmured, "Could it not so be yours?"

For a while there was no audible answer. William Howard raised his head from Alice Markham's shoulder, and gazed for a moment on the dark and earnest eyes which met his own with no coquettish shrinking, but with a look that revealed the depths of her soul.

"No, never!" he exclaimed, in a louder voice than had been heard for many weeks; and while he twined his arms around her with something of recovered strength, words of endearment burst from his lips, and broken phrases that might be interpreted, "Youth's bright imaginings, and poets' dreams, are dull delusions compared with such a heart as this!"

And then came the paroxysm of the cough, after so much excitement, and he sank back on his pillow as helpless as an infant. A little while, and they spoke of death, not marriage, quite calmly; and yet his frame shook when Alice murmured, "I — I — will be as a child

to your mother — and Herbert, too. Oh, William! he will not disgrace your teaching."

Again the horrid knell of that painful, tearing cough; and once more his head drops fondly on her shoulder. But there is a gush of something that comes even hotter and faster than scalding tears; in the cough he has broken a blood-vessel, and the life stream flows from his pale lips on the bosom of his faithful, high-hearted Alice! A few hours of mortal life were all that remained to William Howard.

Reader, this is a common story; one that in all its human emotions has been felt and acted thousands of times. There is something so blinding in custom, that the best and wisest of us are slow to see evils that do not come directly home to us. How many a gentle and sensitive woman, that has wept over the vivid pages of romance, or lent her keenest sympathies to the ideal sorrows of the drama, has, month after month, and year after year, visited the gay and gorgeous shops of the "Metropolitan Drapers," without so much as dreaming of the deep and real tragedies that were enacting "behind the counter." The blighted youth — the ruined health — the early graves — the withered minds — the corrupted morals — and, oh! the noble spirits, the true heroes of private life, who, stand-

the only one which would survive the tombs,—and yet we hesitated, while the bright face of the spirit smiled calmly on us, and the smile brought back as with a spell the memory of all that we had heard, and our choice was instantly made; — our one wish — *May we never survive those we love!* For what is health when we pray as that widow prayed to die? — riches, when those with whom we would share them are gone away? — beauty, which was sought and prized but to win the regard of those eyes which death hath closed? — or fame, dear only that one might well be proud of us? And methought the fairy looked pleased with our choice, and then the whole vision passed away.

The following morning came a brief note from our new friend. "Rejoice with us," she wrote, "it is all over! The prayer of the broken heart has been heard, and they are together again in heaven!"

Years have rolled on since then, and there are none left to recognize the above sad and truthful sketch; did we think otherwise, it would never have been written: and yet, like the fables of childhood, it has its moral. That the gifted are neither raised by their genius above, nor formed to live without, the pale of human love and sympathy, but common clay even as ourselves,—loving — trusting — doubting — too often erring!

With good intents, marred in the acting oft,
With heavenward thoughts that fail thro' weariness,
And droop the wing while yet the glance aspires;
Having much cause for gratitude,—but more
For penitence sincere; yet how infirm!

TO A PROFILE.

BY B. BARTON.

I KNEW thee not! then wherefore gaze
  Upon thy silent shadow there,
Which so imperfectly portrays
  The form thy features used to wear?
Yet have I often looked at thee
As if those lips could speak to me.

I knew thee not! and thou could'st know,
  At best, but little more of one
Whose pilgrimage, on earth below,
  Commenced just as thine own was done;
For few and fleeting days were thine,
To hope or fear for lot of mine.

Yet few and fleeting as they were,
  Fancy and feeling picture this,
They prompted many a fervent prayer,
  Witnessed, perchance, a parting kiss;
And might not kiss, and prayer, from thee,
At such a period, profit me?

Whether they did or not, I owe
  At least this tribute to thy worth;

Though little, all I can bestow,
Yet fond affection gives it birth;
And prompts me, as thy shade I view,
To bless thee, whom I never knew!

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LUCY AND HER LOVERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"WHAT is the matter, Lucy?"

"Nothing, dear aunt," replied Lucy Freeling, who from long habit thus addressed Mrs. Lawson, although they were but distantly related. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you had been crying," returned the other; "your eyes look very red."

"My eyes ache rather, as they often do now; that is why I have put away my work so early."

The scene I would paint was a neatly-furnished, comfortable-looking room, in one of those thousand streets of London, which, without having any pretensions to consequence or consideration, are, nevertheless, thought very eligible by a large class of people, either for some individual or general advantages. In one corner, as if to be out of the way of the other occupants of the room, sat a young man of about four and twenty, working diligently at his ordinary employment, that of a watch-maker. Various implements and particles of minute mechanism, whose uses are incomprehensible to the ignorant, were before him, and the strong light of a partially-shaded

lamp fell precisely on his work. Jasper Lawson was not a common character, and perhaps his employment, which, while it required patience and a certain degree of attention, like women's needle-work, afforded much opportunity for the self-instruction of thought and reflection, might have had something to do in moulding his disposition. He was "the only son of a widow," to whose comfort, even in the matter-of-fact respect of pounds, shillings, and pence, he largely contributed; his mother having no other dependence except a small annuity, secured to her from some benefit society to which her husband had belonged.

Lucy Freeling was the daughter of a distant relation, and had been left an orphan in early childhood; but the widow had so tenderly fulfilled the offices of a parent that Lucy had scarcely known her loss. The interest of a few hundred pounds, which should have been hers when she became of age, might have sufficed to bring her up in the station to which she belonged. But for a few years Mrs. Lawson had exceeded these limits for the purpose of giving her increased advantages for education; and when she arrived at the age of seventeen had paid a sum of money to place her for two years with a milliner and dressmaker. Although she was not old enough to make a legal contract, it was per-

fectly understood and relied on that this advance, so judiciously made, would be refunded when Lucy attained her majority. Alas! before that time arrived, the trustee in whose hands her little fortune was placed became a bankrupt; and that from such unexpected causes, that the circumstance of Lucy's money being engulphed in the general ruin arose less from fraud than from imprudence. But the eighty pounds debt which had been incurred was now a dreadful burden to those who had such slender means of repaying it. Nevertheless, the right-minded girl set bravely to work, determining by the exercise of an art in which she had so prudently been instructed, to make up the sum by small degrees. The widow had also put by from her little income, and Jasper had worked hard to help out the repayment; and now the struggle was nearly over—a few more pounds were all they required.

Lucy not unfrequently worked at home, instead of at the large establishment where she was employed; for her home, as we have before hinted, was centrically situated, and she lost very little time in going backwards and forwards; this had she done on the evening on which we have introduced her. But there was another person in that neat and comfortable parlor, and one who was now a frequent guest. Ralph Ashton was a lawyer's clerk, and on the strength of a situation

which *he* considered rather above that of a journeyman watchmaker, he thought in his own heart that he somewhat condescended in joining their tea and supper table three or four nights a week. Not that such a feeling was by any means evident from his manner; on the contrary, the most casual observer might have felt pretty sure that Ralph Ashton was doing his utmost to make himself agreeable to Lucy Freeling, and to have betrayed his own self-conceit, or certain other attributes of his nature, would have been a mistake unworthy of his cunning. He was good-looking, so far as a coarse kind of regularity of features, and a bright dark eye, might constitute good looks; and he had a smattering of superficial knowledge, and a certain speciousness of manner, which were likely enough to deceive a single-minded inexperienced girl like Lucy. Even Jasper, his superior in every way, but diffident of himself, and endowed by nature with an almost womanly delicacy of sentiment and tenderness of feeling, had been caught by the outward seeming; and, though the knowledge racked him to the heart's core, did not wonder that Lucy regarded him with interest.

Not so the widow. From the first moment of Ashton's acquaintance with her son, he had been disliked by her; although when pressed hard for

a reason for her antipathy, she could seldom find any but the most trivial ones.

There had been a whispered conference between those who were all but acknowledged lovers, accompanied by downcast looks and a flushed cheek on the part of Lucy; but Ralph Ashton had left somewhat earlier than usual, having several letters to write for his employer before morning, and Lucy, pleading more than ordinary fatigue, retired to rest, leaving Jasper and his mother alone. He had extinguished the lamp by which he worked, and only the light of a single candle remained besides that of the sinking fire, which it was too late to replenish. He was leaning upon the mantel-piece, looking down, and apparently watching the flickering embers; but the expression of his countenance was sad almost to solemnity.

"Mother," he exclaimed, after a pause, and in a voice that trembled perceptibly, "I suppose it is all settled? The attempt is vain," he added, "I cannot hide my feelings from you."

"I am afraid it is," replied the widow sorrowfully, "though Lucy has made no acknowledgment to me of her affection. Poor girl, she must suspect that the choice she has made is the overthrow of all my hopes for my old age."

"Don't blame her, mother — perhaps she does not know all this. Long ago I should have given

myself a fair chance, and told her that I loved her better than with a brother's love; instead of weighing words and looks, and smothering every expression of my feelings, from the romantic notion that I would not ask her to love me until I was in business for myself, and could place her in the position of a prosperous tradesman's wife. Idiot that I was, not to be sure that I should be forestalled."

"And now that you are so near the summit of your wishes!" apostrophized his mother.

"To my astonishment! The offer of Mondson to take me into partnership is a most extraordinary piece of good fortune."

"He knows there are not half a dozen such workmen in London, and that a fortune is to be made by the improvements you have suggested," replied Mrs. Lawson, with pride.

"Well," sighed Jasper, "from whatever cause it is, it comes like a mockery now. I doubt if there will be any more improvements of mine. I have little heart for anything."

"I can hardly forgive her for this, Jasper — and so much as I have always said against him —"

"There it is, mother," interrupted the young man almost fiercely, "if she love him in the manner that I love her, the more he is blamed the more will she cling to him. Why, I feel if she were plunged into want and misery — her beauty

gone, or with evil tongues like harpies darting at her, such an hour of woe would be the one in which I would show my adoration most passionately, most madly, if you like to call it so — she would still *be herself*, and it is herself that I love."

Poor Mrs. Lawson was awed and pained by her son's enthusiasm. Like many other excellent-hearted and shrewd persons, she was quite incapable of following those subtle emotions, which are the most real in the world, and more than any others influence human destinies; and yet are scoffed at by a large number of persons as "mere imagination," "romance," "nonsense," and a long list of et ceteras!

We must take the reader a little behind the curtain. Ralph Ashton was quite as much in love with Lucy Freeling as his nature permitted him to be; but his was that common passion, a purely selfish one. He admired her beauty, and would be proud of a wife thus endowed, and with mental acquirements something beyond those common to her station. But his cunning brain worked upon two ulterior objects which had nothing to do with these personal qualities. It so happened, that a great deal of the business connected with the affairs of the bankrupt trustee had passed through the office in which Ashton was employed, and he knew enough of it to form

an almost positive opinion that Lucy would ultimately recover her little fortune. However, he took care to keep this knowledge to himself, and wooed her apparently with the most disinterested affection, not even at present hinting of the plan which in his own mind was well-nigh matured, that of establishing his wife at the west-end of the town as a fashionable milliner, well knowing that her taste and skill, and superior manners, would be sure to raise her to an eminence that must contribute greatly to his ease and comfort. In short, he planned to himself becoming something like that very contemptible creature, of deathless memory, the renowned Mantilini.

A few weeks passed over, and Ralph Ashton and Lucy Freeling were engaged to be married. In justice to the latter, we must say that she had only very lately suspected the deep feelings which her life-long companion, Jasper Lawson, entertained for her, and the discovery made to her by his vexed and disappointed mother pained her deeply. It is true Mrs. Lawson had sometimes hinted at her hopes for the future, in phrases sufficiently intelligible to Lucy, but alas! Jasper had concealed his affection but too well. The time had been, she knew, that he might have won her; but it was gone by, she said, and she could but regard him as a dear brother.

They were engaged, and all seemed fair before them; and Ralph even ventured to hint one day from intelligence which he declared he had received but a few hours before, that perhaps after all Lucy would have her money. He did this advisedly, for he knew it was very likely that the news would reach her in a day or two from another quarter. Sorrow was coming, however, as it generally does, from an unexpected source. The "aching" of her eyes, of which Lucy had complained as the result of excessive application to her needle, became more distressing, and on medical advice being obtained, the most alarming symptoms were discovered. With all the horrors of threatened blindness before her, Lucy was confined for several weeks to a darkened room; and months must elapse before there was any hope that under the most favorable circumstances she could apply herself to her ordinary occupation. During this time Jasper became a junior partner in the establishment to which he had belonged, and through his mother, his increased income contributed to the comforts and medical attendance of the poor sufferer. How could the poor destitute orphan refuse help from him who only asked to be called "her brother?" She did not refuse it, nay, she felt that she would rather be assisted by him than by her betrothed. How strange are the intricacies of human feeling!

During these months of suffering, the affairs of the bankrupt trustee had been thrown into chancery, and there was little hope now of a settlement of them for years. Poor Lucy! little could she have thought that the day would come, and that soon, in which the loss of her money, months of suffering, partial blindness, and personal disfigurement, would appear to her like so many "blessings in disguise" that had combined to save her from a gulf of misery and ruin.

When the cure, so far as it could be effected, was complete, a white film still remained to mar the beauty and obscure the vision of one of those deep blue eyes, which had seemed like stars of light and love to poor Jasper Lawson. Moreover the oculists declared that the preservation of the other eye depended on the most careful abstaining from anything like straining the visual organs.

Only a few days had elapsed since this fiat went forth, and but once had Ralph Ashton seen Lucy since the bandages were removed, when she received a letter from him, dictated by that one virtue, which those who possess no other are ever ready to put prominently forward — Prudence. It pointed out some facts, which she really must have known before, and among them the great change in their future prospects her affliction had made; hinted very intelligibly at

the wisdom of a separation, and concluded by mentioning that unless she desired to see him he should refrain from calling again, and signing himself "ever her sincere friend!"

Lucy Freeling was for a while stunned by the blow; but though her young and susceptible heart had been caught and led astray, it was of a nature too fine to be broken by a mockery — a falsehood.

"Do not tell me not to weep," she exclaimed, a few days afterwards, as she sat between Mrs. Lawson and her son, with a hand in one of each; "I know you would comfort me as dearest mother and brother might. But do not tell me not to weep. It cannot be *that man* whom I have loved; and with these foolish tears there seems to pass away some dream, some folly — better this — better this — a thousand times than to have been his wife. I feel it so. Believe it. I do indeed."

A sharp irrepressible cry escaped Jasper Lawson, and both his mother and Lucy turned towards him. One look was exchanged, and throwing himself passionately beside her, he twined his arm round her waist, and pressed her to his heart with an impulse that would not be stayed.

"Lucy," he exclaimed, "there is one whose heart has been filled with thoughts of you for years; to whom you are the same in sickness

and in health; rich, or in poverty; with beauty perfect, or with beauty blemished; his heart does not feel the difference — it is *yourself* he loves, no conjured image of a youthful fancy. Mother, mother, did I not tell you this when hope was dead within me?"

Is there much wonder that Lucy's heart, released from the sway of a phantom love, clung now and forever to the Tried and the True?

FIRESIDE AFFECTIONS.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

The man who sits down in a virtuous home, however humble, in which his own industry enables him to breathe the atmosphere of independence, and his wife's management to enjoy cleanliness and comfort, has a vast scope for the creation of happiness. The minds of his children, — of his wife, — his own mind, are so many microcosms, which only ask to be inquired into and developed, to reveal hoards of wealth, which may be coined into current enjoyment. We are ever too little sensible of the good immediately within our grasp; too ready to cavil at difficulties and to declare them impossibilities. A great man once said there were no such things, and as all proverbs have their foundation in practical truth, this idea may receive confirmation from the common phrase — "Where there is a will there is a way." It is certain that the difference between what zeal and energy will accomplish with small means, compared with what power, ill applied or feebly applied, will long leave unachieved, is most astounding. Few are those who have not to reproach themselves with su-

pineness, or a prodigal waste of time and resources; few, who, when they look back upon the field of past experience, but feel how barren they have left the track which might have been richly cultivated. Let us instantly reform. The present will become the future; let us resolve that it shall be rich in fruit, delicious to the reverting spirit of review, and yielding good seed for the progressive path before us. The traveller rarely begins with his own country; in like manner, the searcher after enjoyment too often looks beyond home; too late in life's journey, when little of either strength or time remains, this is regretted. In the case of home, the early neglect is usually irretrievable, where, we may be certain, if flowers are not cultivated, weeds will spring, — where the violet and the rose might have charmed our senses, the nettle and night-shade will offend them. Fenelon was accustomed to say, "I love my family better than myself; my country better than my family; and mankind better than my country; for I am more a Frenchman than a Fenelon, and more man than a Frenchman." This is an instance of reasoning more beautiful in theory than reducible to practice; I should be satisfied with the man who proceeded almost inversely and invested his first funds in the domestic treasury; these once established and yielding interest, he may at once

THE POOR MAN'S MAY.

BY J. SAUNDERS.

Sweet May! they tell me thou art come:
Thou art not come to *me;*
I cannot spare a single hour,
Sweet May! to welcome thee.
God knows how hard I 've worked this week,
To earn my children bread;
And see, we have an empty board;
My children are unfed.

And art thou still the same sweet May,
That I did love so well,
When humming like a happy bee,
Along some primrose dell,
I thought, oh! what a lovely world
Is this, dear God has given;
And wondered any one should seek
For any other heaven?

Then hawthorn buds are come again,
And apple blossoms too;
And all the idle happy birds
May sing the long day through.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY ANNA SAVAGE

"St. Keyne, saith the chronicle, many a time
Drank of this Crystal Well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the waters a spell: —
If the husband at this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life."

"I WILL not throw the sceptre down now that its
power I know,
For who that once had reigned a queen would
to a subject bow?
Must he to whom my smile was law his freedom
hold again,
And woman's will and woman's wit henceforth
be all in vain?
Not till within our favored West one crystal well
is dry!
Save me the dire disgrace, St. Keyne, of blessed
memory!
And if I fail to gain the gift thou hast bequeathed
the wave,
Let woman's will make woman's wit henceforth
a willing slave."

So spake fair Margaret. Triumph gleamed upon
her smiling face;
The holy well is at her feet, and curbs her hur-
ried pace;
She fills with care the crystal flask, and seeks
the charm to hide
Amid the drapery's graceful fold that decks her
for a bride:
Stay, maiden! bend above the wave thy pure
and joyous brow,
And tell me, saw'st thou aught so fair as that
which greets thee now?
Go, vainly seek Cornubia through, from saint or
fabled elf,
A mightier spell than that which there reflects
thy lovely self!

Oh, who could doubt the gentle power thy feeble
hand may try
In thy new home, the ruling star to guide man's
destiny,
And there, by soft affection's chain, bind tyrants
to thy sway,
Until they learn the lore they teach, "to honor
and obey!"
Though time may rob thy cheek of bloom, thy
blue eye of its light,
Still smiles upon life's turbid stream shall make
them seem as bright;

Thy low sweet voice, thy kindly smile — these
shall the loved one greet,
And these the weapons that shall bind the cap-
tive at thy feet.

The little symbol ring at last has clasped her
fairy finger,
And now within the rustic porch the bridal party
linger,
And many a wistful glance is cast towards the
willow tree:
An arch smile played on Margaret's lip, — the
bridegroom, where is he?
He kneels beside the enchanted well; "Go drink
the stream in vain,"
She murmurs, "despot! own my sway; a sov-
ereign still I reign:
Oh, woman's wit more swiftly speeds than lover's
step can fly!"
Then pointing to the empty flask, she claims the
mastery.

Nor is, they say, that crystal well a legendary
dream,
For such there be of virtue rare beyond the Ta-
mar's stream;
And man, who boldly boasts his power, knows
not how soon 't is o'er,
But hastes to drink of freedom's draught — some
Margaret drank before!

And when he thinks, most proud and free, he
has dominion shown,
He dreams not who has stolen the spell and
made the charm her own:
Yea, kingdoms fall and tottering thrones are
from their stations hurled,
But woman's wit and woman's will supreme still
rule the world.*

*Les femmes peuvent tout parceque elles gouvernent ceux qui gouvernent tout.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GIFTED.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"In memory's land waves never a leaf,
There never a summer breeze blows,
But some long smothered thought of joy or grief
Starts up from its solemn repose;
And forms are living and visible there,
Which vanished long since from our earthly sphere."

Miss Holford.

Did we choose to mention real names, many might recollect as well as ourselves the early and somewhat sudden death of a poet, whose precocious talent gave rise to hopes which were destined never to be realized; but we forbear to do so, lest any might be found who would remember only to weep. He was little known out of his own immediate circle, of which he was the idol; for Fame, ever busy in seeking after her gifted children, had not time to stamp her seal of immortality upon his brows before they withered beneath the cold hand of death. And yet a few kindred spirits were found to lament him, and mourn over the sudden quenching of a mighty intellect, whose living glory they might have decried and envied; — but death sanctifieth all things.

We were young at that time, and anxious to pay tribute with the rest at the shrine of departed genius, knowing him only through his own tender and beautiful revealings; but although the rock of inspiration was repeatedly struck, no answering strain came forth at our bidding; we were not in the mood. Thought flowed too rapidly to be chained and cramped into lines each ending in a rhyme, and flinging aside our tablets, we went forth, lured by the sound of joyous voices, and light laughter, and joined the merry group upon the lawn. The young, the beautiful, yea, and the gifted, even as he had been, were there

"Smiling as if earth contained no tomb."

But there was one among them, a widow, aged it would seem more by grief than time, whose pale sweet face and low voice had won us to her side all that summer day; and by whom we again lingered, as we are apt to do where we feel that our presence confers pleasure.

"You have been weeping," said she kindly.

"Yes, for I have been thinking of him."

"Silly child! And yet it is well that the actual troubles of life have not yet arisen to sweep away these ideal griefs and sympathies. After all it is a happy period —

When every heart appears
The temple of high thought, and noble deed;

When our most bitter tears
Fall o'er some melancholy page we read,—

but it soon passes away."

"Not always, surely?"

"Almost invariably. The fountain of a grief which in youth is perpetually overflowing, and whose waters soothe, even while they sadden, is soon withered up by scorn and anguish. And age, with all its accumulated miseries, sheds fewer tears than childhood over its ideal and imaginary sorrows: and yet he was worthy of your lamentations."

"You knew him, then?"

"We have met, but it was years ago. I was staying on a visit at the same house where he first became acquainted with her of whom his latter poems breathe so sweet a spirit of tenderness and regard. She was my school-fellow and intimate friend, although many years my junior."

"And he loved her? After all she is to be envied."

"So she always said, and used to wonder what she could have done to merit so much happiness; for she had a meek and humble spirit, and was well suited to be the bride of a poet."

"How she must have worshipped him!"

"Yes, so she did, I believe, until she learned to love him still more. It was a strange tale, that meeting!"

And the widow bowed down her pale face upon her hands, while the spirit of the past stole over her like a dream of old days. We withdrew a little apart, and sat down side by side upon the grass; and that low voice rose up like a strain of melancholy music, between the pauses of which came the merry laughter of the gay dancers on the lawn.

"A Christmas in an old country house is either a very dull affair or quite the contrary; the one I am about to describe was the latter. Besides an agreeable party domesticated within doors, all equally ready to amuse or be amused, we had always some visitor drop in of an evening, and generally wound up with a dance, or a game of forfeits, to please the children, in which children of a larger growth were not ashamed to join.

"At the time of which we speak, some little excitement was occasioned by the proposed visit of Mr. Noel Fletcher, (for we will know the poet only by that name.) He had been intimate at college with the son of our worthy host, and cheerfully accepted his invitation into D——; and as the day approached, my friend Gay Pemberton, who scarcely ever had his volume of poems out of her hand, and was even accused of sleeping with it under her pillow, spoke of nothing else but his expected arrival. We have wondered since whether this was merely the

result of her romantic and highly-wrought feelings, or occasioned by a dim foreboding of how intimately their future destinies were to be knit together.

"It was the evening before the day on which he was to have come, and everything that was said or done returns to my mind as though it were but yesterday. A few accidental visitors had dropped in as usual, among whom was the clergyman of the place, and a young man with a bright florid complexion, and a pair of the merriest blue eyes in the world, whose name I did not catch; and who, after romping with the children until their bed-time, came and flung himself full length on a couch near where we sat, and taking up a newspaper, seemed thoroughly comfortable and at home.

"Gay Pemberton was in one of her wildest humors, looking so happy and beautiful all the time, that it was impossible to chide or be angry with her; and but little work went on among the noisy group she had collected around her. Even the whist players looked up at the sound of her merry laughter, and smiled too, without knowing why. And then on a sudden, as we must have noticed on a bright summer day, the sun went in, leaving a brief shade even more delightful from contrast.

"'How I wish to-morrow were come!' said she, thoughtfully.

"'That is, if it bring the poet, but not else,' we playfully rejoined.

"'Ah! it is sure to do that, for Morris showed me the letter, — and he writes such a beautiful hand! — promising to be with him on Thursday, without fail. How I longed to keep it, but I feared he would laugh at me.'

"'It was more than probable. But you must get Mr. Fletcher to write something in your album.'

"'If he speaks to me, I shall certainly ask him, if it is only his name.'

"'If he speaks to you?'

"'Yes, for I have fancied him proud and reserved, as all geniuses, they say, are. You will think me very silly, but I know what he will be like, as well as if we were old friends, and am almost confident that I should recognize him, were we even to meet elsewhere.'

"'Perhaps this is he?' said I, as the door opened to give admittance to the village doctor, a marvellous resemblance to Shakspeare's far-famed apothecary. While at that moment our opposite neighbor looked up as if he had found something vastly entertaining in his newspaper, and laughed outright, almost as joyously as Gay herself had done but a short time previously.

"'I should like to hear Miss Pemberton's ideal of a poet,' exclaimed a young lady.

"'Well, then, I will give it to you, in order that you may compare it with the original. He is tall, and pale, as the gifted ever are; with a magnificent brow — dark, dreamy eyes — and a proud lip, whose smiles are only for the very few, but its scorn for the whole world; whom all worship, but it is the privilege of but one or two to love!'

"'A dangerous privilege, if we are to believe the wild chronicles of their lives,' replied another; 'great talents are said to be for the world — not for domestic life.'

"'But why should this be?' asked Gay, almost sadly — and there were none to answer. It is a question which will probably never be solved. We are told by one, herself a poetess, and a very sweet one too, that

'Fame's laurel wreath
Distils its poison on the brow beneath;'

but left to draw our own conclusions from the truthful experience of daily life, how far its blighting influence extends around the charmed circle of affection.

"'Well,' exclaimed Gay, at length, for nothing ever damped that sanguine and joyous spirit for many moments together, 'I dare say if the private histories of all were sought after, and

revealed like those of the gifted, they would be found much the same in the end. Or, supposing it true that genius is irritable and exacting; again I say, a glorious privilege is hers to whose lot it falls to soothe and minister to it, catching glimpses of a mighty intellect which should dazzle and blind her to weakness inseparable, after all, from mortality.'

"Our opposite neighbor laid down the newspaper; perhaps he found it vain to try and read in our vicinity, and fixed his eyes upon Gay, with a look of undisguised admiration, of which the young enthusiast was utterly unconscious.

"'But have you quite finished your description of the poet?' asked her fair interrogator.

"'Yes, I think so, all but his voice, which of course is low — sweet — and marvellously eloquent!'

"'Have you forgotten what Dr. Johnson says upon this subject?' asked the gentleman I have before mentioned, joining in the conversation quite naturally, while Gay answered him in the same frank spirit.

"'Yes, indeed. What was it?'

"'The transition,' he tells us, 'from an author's book to his conversation is too often like an entrance into a large city after a distant prospect. Remotely we see nothing but spires of temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it

the residence of splendor, grandeur, and magnificence; but when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke.'

"'Ah! Dr. Johnson was a bear!' said the girl, wilfully; and then their wild and gleeful laughter mingled so joyously, that many joined in it from very sympathy.

"'Oh! if this book were mine!' continued Gay, after a pause, and still referring to the same endless theme, 'with Noel Fletcher's name written thus, with his own hand, I think I should have nothing left to wish for.'

"'And yet compliments is a cold term,' said our blue-eyed friend, archly. 'Would you not rather have it, with the author's love?'

"'No, indeed, his kind regards would more than content me — his love has been too frequently bestowed.'

"'Never, I will venture to swear!' interrupted her companion, vehemently.

"'Then you have not read his works,' replied Gay, turning over the pages, which she almost knew by heart, with a rapid finger. 'See, here is positive conviction — "To my Beloved One." Not to mention twenty other sweet and tender sonnets addressed "To Mary," &c. Nay, I should say that he had not only been in love,

and that too more than once, but had likewise been disappointed! Or why so eloquent upon blighted affection, and broken hearts? Why address those touching lines of "The Forsaken to the False One," which must haunt her whole future life, like an unforgotten voice? And yet I cannot fancy any girl flinging away in very wantonness the rich gift of such a heart as his.'

"'But surely you must be aware,' returned he, speaking in a low voice, and more earnestly than the subject seemed to demand, 'that these are merely ideal themes. What is poetry without love? A world without sunshine or flowers. But the poet needs not experience every subject on which he writes, while he can create and imagine them. Nay, where he feels most, he is least likely to do justice to his task.'

"'And yet,' replied Gay, 'this is stripping romance of its brightest spell: we should seldom weep over fictitious sorrows, knowing them to be such. It is Louis, King of Bavaria, I think, who says, "Out of the heart alone shall that unfold itself which shall truly go to the heart again!"'

"'Nevertheless,' said her companion, with a vexed air, 'I will venture to affirm that Noel Fletcher is no more in love than I am!'

"'Well, I shall be glad to believe that his heart is really not the seared and blighted thing he describes it.'

"'Pshaw! all romance an' folly!' replied our anti-poetical friend, abruptly. While Gay looked like one but half convinced; and remained poring over the book until the hour of rest; but little more conversation passing between us worthy of narration.

"The following morning I was to start on a fortnight's visit some thirty miles off, but to return time enough to accompany Gay Pemberton to her happy home, where another succession of merry days was in store for us. Ah! those were pleasant times — the golden days of our youth! And we do well to make the most of them, for their freshness once past is gone forever! The very thought of having to be up early kept me wakeful all night, otherwise, perhaps, Gay's gentle voice, for we slept together, would have failed to arouse me, as with closed eyes and smiling lips she repeated one of Noel Fletcher's sweetest sonnets, the last lines dying away until they became almost inaudible. It was strange to hear such poetry so given at that hour; and sad too, for the subject was a gloomy one, and I could not think but I was dreaming too, and so lay quite still until the morning sun warned me to prepare for new scenes. Novelty at that time was but another word for pleasure, and Gay was as cheerful and busy as myself, so that our little treasures were soon arranged, and we both sat

down on the nea ly packed box, and began to talk of the future.

" She laughed when I told her about the sonnet which she had repeated in her sleep, — confessing that it had occupied her last waking hours, and that she was very silly, but should grow wiser some day, she hoped, — pitying me the next moment for being obliged to go away before Noel Fletcher's arrival.

" ' But, perhaps, he may not be gone on your return, although they say he is so much sought after. — By the bye, he may have come even now for aught we know, for I remember he said in his letter, "*Early* on Thursday morning;" I will just run down and ask Morris.'

" She did so, but returned, breathless with agitation, a few moments afterwards, and flinging herself into my arms, burst into a passionate flood of weeping, and hid her burning face upon my bosom. They were the first tears I ever remember to to have known her shed.

" ' Oh! take me with you!' she wildly exclaimed. 'If you love me, take me instantly away!'

" ' Impossible, my dear child! but I will stay with you, if you will tell me how I can be of service, and who has grieved you thus.'

" ' No one. It is all my own fault!' And her sobs redoubled with the effort to speak.

"At this moment the breakfast bell rang; and as the only fault, if that could be called a fault, which I could ever discover in our worthy host, was a most rigid adherence to punctuality in all things, its warning was not to be disregarded.

"'Go down,' said Gay, 'and say that I have the headache — that I am ill! — I shall be calmer against your return, or you will have heard the story of my folly from other lips; but do not think for an instant of giving up your journey on my account — it is fit that I should suffer, and be despised as I now despise myself!'

"I obeyed her in silence, having no time, besides being too bewildered, to put any further questions then; but I could not help observing that when I delivered my message, Morris, the eldest son of our host, laughed outright, and stole a mirthful glance at our blue-eyed friend of the previous night, who was comfortably established at the breakfast table with his everlasting newspaper.

"'I trust Miss Pemberton is not seriously indisposed,' said he, kindly, as I took the vacant place by his side.

"'No, I believe not, only a headache,' and then Morris laughed again most provokingly, while his friend looked almost as annoyed as myself.

"'You must not forget to tell Gay,' said the former, 'that Mr. Noel Fletcher has inquired

most anxiously after her, and is inconsolable at her absence.'

"'Noel Fletcher!' and the whole truth flashed upon my mind, and I felt half inclined to be angry with the poet for his incognito, but that he seemed so penitent; so poor Morris had the full benefit of it, and after all he was most to blame for not properly introducing his gifted friend.

"But how was Gay employed all this time? Doubtless in recalling to mind, with tears of shame and vain repentance, all that had passed between them on the previous night. No wonder that she should tremble at the thought of meeting him.

"'And yet how could I imagine,' said she, simply, 'that such a man could be a poet? with his bright color like any farmer, and his merry eyes, — besides, he was actually *embonpoint!*'

"'How amused he must have been at your description of him,' said I.

"Gay colored, but she grew calmer: pride — the pride which rarely deserts a woman — had come to her aid; and she parted from me with more composure than I had expected. Morris' triumph, and Mr. Fletcher's too, if he felt any, would be but brief, when they found the wild romantic girl transformed into the proud and dignified woman. And I pictured to myself their

cold embarrassed meeting, as the carriage whirled me away to fresh scenes and pleasures.

"A fortnight — how soon it is gone when we are happy! — Fourteen days, then, seem only like so many hours. Poor Gay, I had forgotten all about her, and how she was most likely longing for my arrival to go back to her quiet home, the spell of her wild yet sweet dreams broken forever! It was evening when I returned — there were lights in the upper rooms, and the sound of music and merry laughter. And yet, somehow, I half feared that Gay would not be found among that mirthful party, nor was she. Morris smiled when I inquired after her, even as he had done on the eventful morning of my departure; and pointed to the balcony, which was of stone, extending the whole length of the house, and a cool and pleasant retreat in the summer, although scarcely desirable on such a night as this.

"'Pshaw!' said Morris, 'who ever felt the cold at eighteen, beneath such a glorious moon, and with a poet for a companion?'

"'Mr. Fletcher is still here then?'

"'Yes, in spite of his numerous engagements — but they are coming.' And a moment afterwards Gay's arms were about my neck, and her sweet voice welcoming me back; while tears — real burning tears, in spite of her beaming looks,

fell like rain. But she dashed them away in a moment, asking a thousand random questions about my visit, without waiting for an answer to one of them. While Noel Fletcher stood by with folded arms, looking as delighted as if she had been uttering the most eloquent harangue in the world; his blue eyes fairly dancing with happiness.

"'And now,' said I, having replied as briefly as possible to her numerous queries, 'I am quite ready to return with you whenever you please.'

"'I am in no particular hurry,' said Gay, casting down her eyes. 'But you must be fatigued with your journey — shall we retire?'

"I willingly agreed, while Mr. Fletcher said laughingly, although I believe he really thought it at the moment, that I was very selfish and disagreeable, to wish to keep Miss Pemberton all to myself; and then in a changed voice turned to whisper a very protracted good-night, which lasted several minutes before Gay could disengage her hand and follow me up stairs. There was little need of words — on the dressing-room table lay a small and elegantly bound book, which I knew at once to be Noel Fletcher's Poems; and when Gay took it up, and, smiling through her tears, pointed to its title page, and we read there her own name 'with the author's love,' I asked no more questions, but rejoiced with the un-

troubled gladness of youth, that things had thus come to pass.

"It is needless attempting to repeat Gay's broken history of what had taken place during my brief absence; and the pains Noel Fletcher must have taken to satisfy her previous doubts with regard to the ideality of his poetical loves and sorrows; and here his looks were certainly in his favor, for no one would have taken him to be a man whose heart was either seared or broken. Then he had to reconcile her to the very reverse of her wild dream — to apologize for those merry eyes, and the bright healthful glow of his complexion, and promise, if it would win her, to be the gloomy being she had described, proud to all but one, so that one might be Gay Pemberton! While she wondered how she could have ever fancied him any other than he was, — and owned for the thousandth time that she had been very silly!

"And now I would fain linger over this part of my narrative, relating how, as I have before said, Gay's worship of the poet, the genius, had gradually less of awe, and more of human love in it. How her very gentleness disarmed our playful satire, and how Noel Fletcher adored her, while his verses grew no less eloquent because addressed to a real and tangible deity! — His introduction to her venerable parents — their

simple bridal — and how merry and happy we all were on that day. It seems like a bright dream long past!" — And the widow, when she arrived at this part of her story, closed her eyes wearily, as though she would fain the vision would come again.

"Well, you know the end," said she at length: "of the double wedding which took place at that time, there are left two widows and no bridegroom!"

There was another pause, after which she continued more calmly, but still without reference to her own history, into which we dared not inquire, but only guessed that it must have been a very sad one, —

"Oh! what a home was theirs! Gay's sweet faith had been the true one, and she was not called upon for any marvellous degree of patience and endurance. The most sanguine imaginings of her young and romance-loving spirit were more than realized; while the glorious voice of the poet went abroad like a blessing! Again and again it was heard — it found its way into palace and cottage — and then, just when men began to look for its coming, as for a familiar and household thing, was suddenly hushed forever! Heaven have pity upon her on whom this weary silence will fall the heaviest!"

"Amen," said I gently, for my heart was full

"To-morrow," continued the widow, "I start for her solitary abode. They say she is ill, but I do not pray for her recovery unless it please God, but would rather supplicate that in his mercy he would take her to himself! There is no more happiness for her in this world now. Nay, do not weep, my poor child!" she added, laying her withered hand kindly upon my bowed head. "After all, it is a glorious earth we live in, especially to the young; and there are a thousand happy wives and mothers to one widow such as I. The gifted are not always taken, and while sorrow is isolated, and seldom to be met with, joy aboundeth everywhere. Hark! how they laugh! You should be with them, and not here; but age and grief are apt to make one selfish."

That night we went to sleep thinking of all that we had heard during the day, but more especially of Gay Pemberton and the poet, and dreamed that a certain fairy tale which had made the charm of our childhood was realized, and the genius of the future stood ready to bestow any one gift we liked to ask for — but it was to be but one. There was health, for the lack of which all other pleasures were continually losing their zest, — riches, which should command the world, — beauty, how often yearned and wept for, — fame, more tempting than them all, and

the only one which would survive the tombs,—and yet we hesitated, while the bright face of the spirit smiled calmly on us, and the smile brought back as with a spell the memory of all that we had heard, and our choice was instantly made;—our one wish—*May we never survive those we love!* For what is health when we pray as that widow prayed to die?—riches, when those with whom we would share them are gone away?—beauty, which was sought and prized but to win the regard of those eyes which death hath closed?—or fame, dear only that one might well be proud of us? And methought the fairy looked pleased with our choice, and then the whole vision passed away.

The following morning came a brief note from our new friend. "Rejoice with us," she wrote, "it is all over! The prayer of the broken heart has been heard, and they are together again in heaven!"

Years have rolled on since then, and there are none left to recognize the above sad and truthful sketch; did we think otherwise, it would never have been written: and yet, like the fables of childhood, it has its moral. That the gifted are neither raised by their genius above, nor formed to live without, the pale of human love and sympathy, but common clay even as ourselves,—loving—trusting—doubting—too often erring!

With good intents, marred in the acting oft,
With heavenward thoughts that fail thro' weariness,
And droop the wing while yet the glance aspires;
Having much cause for gratitude,—but more
For penitence sincere; yet how infirm!

TO A PROFILE.

BY B. BARTON.

I KNEW thee not! then wherefore gaze
  Upon thy silent shadow there,
Which so imperfectly portrays
  The form thy features used to wear?
Yet have I often looked at thee
As if those lips could speak to me.

I knew thee not! and thou could'st know,
  At best, but little more of one
Whose pilgrimage, on earth below,
  Commenced just as thine own was done;
For few and fleeting days were thine,
To hope or fear for lot of mine.

Yet few and fleeting as they were,
  Fancy and feeling picture this,
They prompted many a fervent prayer,
  Witnessed, perchance, a parting kiss;
And might not kiss, and prayer, from thee,
At such a period, profit me?

Whether they did or not, I owe
  At least this tribute to thy worth;

Though little, all I can bestow,
Yet fond affection gives it birth;
And prompts me, as thy shade I view,
To bless thee, whom I never knew!

LUCY AND HER LOVERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"WHAT is the matter, Lucy?"

"Nothing, dear aunt," replied Lucy Freeling, who from long habit thus addressed Mrs. Lawson, although they were but distantly related. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you had been crying," returned the other; "your eyes look very red."

"My eyes ache rather, as they often do now; that is why I have put away my work so early."

The scene I would paint was a neatly-furnished, comfortable-looking room, in one of those thousand streets of London, which, without having any pretensions to consequence or consideration, are, nevertheless, thought very eligible by a large class of people, either for some individual or general advantages. In one corner, as if to be out of the way of the other occupants of the room, sat a young man of about four and twenty, working diligently at his ordinary employment, that of a watch-maker. Various implements and particles of minute mechanism, whose uses are incomprehensible to the ignorant, were before him, and the strong light of a partially-shaded

lamp fell precisely on his work. Jasper Lawson was not a common character, and perhaps his employment, which, while it required patience and a certain degree of attention, like women's needle-work, afforded much opportunity for the self-instruction of thought and reflection, might have had something to do in moulding his disposition. He was "the only son of a widow," to whose comfort, even in the matter-of-fact respect of pounds, shillings, and pence, he largely contributed; his mother having no other dependence except a small annuity, secured to her from some benefit society to which her husband had belonged.

Lucy Freeling was the daughter of a distant relation, and had been left an orphan in early childhood; but the widow had so tenderly fulfilled the offices of a parent that Lucy had scarcely known her loss. The interest of a few hundred pounds, which should have been hers when she became of age, might have sufficed to bring her up in the station to which she belonged. But for a few years Mrs. Lawson had exceeded these limits for the purpose of giving her increased advantages for education; and when she arrived at the age of seventeen had paid a sum of money to place her for two years with a milliner and dressmaker. Although she was not old enough to make a legal contract, it was per-

fectly understood and relied on that this advance, so judiciously made, would be refunded when Lucy attained her majority. Alas! before that time arrived, the trustee in whose hands her little fortune was placed became a bankrupt; and that from such unexpected causes, that the circumstance of Lucy's money being engulphed in the general ruin arose less from fraud than from imprudence. But the eighty pounds debt which had been incurred was now a dreadful burden to those who had such slender means of repaying it. Nevertheless, the right-minded girl set bravely to work, determining by the exercise of an art in which she had so prudently been instructed, to make up the sum by small degrees. The widow had also put by from her little income, and Jasper had worked hard to help out the repayment; and now the struggle was nearly over—a few more pounds were all they required.

Lucy not unfrequently worked at home, instead of at the large establishment where she was employed; for her home, as we have before hinted, was centrically situated, and she lost very little time in going backwards and forwards; this had she done on the evening on which we have introduced her. But there was another person in that neat and comfortable parlor, and one who was now a frequent guest. Ralph Ashton was a lawyer's clerk, and on the strength of a situation

which *he* considered rather above that of a journeyman watchmaker, he thought in his own heart that he somewhat condescended in joining their tea and supper table three or four nights a week. Not that such a feeling was by any means evident from his manner; on the contrary, the most casual observer might have felt pretty sure that Ralph Ashton was doing his utmost to make himself agreeable to Lucy Freeling, and to have betrayed his own self-conceit, or certain other attributes of his nature, would have been a mistake unworthy of his cunning. He was good-looking, so far as a coarse kind of regularity of features, and a bright dark eye, might constitute good looks; and he had a smattering of superficial knowledge, and a certain speciousness of manner, which were likely enough to deceive a single-minded inexperienced girl like Lucy. Even Jasper, his superior in every way, but diffident of himself, and endowed by nature with an almost womanly delicacy of sentiment and tenderness of feeling, had been caught by the outward seeming; and, though the knowledge racked him to the heart's core, did not wonder that Lucy regarded him with interest.

Not so the widow. From the first moment of Ashton's acquaintance with her son, he had been disliked by her; although when pressed hard for

a reason for her antipathy, she could seldom find any but the most trivial ones.

There had been a whispered conference between those who were all but acknowledged lovers, accompanied by downcast looks and a flushed cheek on the part of Lucy; but Ralph Ashton had left somewhat earlier than usual, having several letters to write for his employer before morning, and Lucy, pleading more than ordinary fatigue, retired to rest, leaving Jasper and his mother alone. He had extinguished the lamp by which he worked, and only the light of a single candle remained besides that of the sinking fire, which it was too late to replenish. He was leaning upon the mantel-piece, looking down, and apparently watching the flickering embers; but the expression of his countenance was sad almost to solemnity.

"Mother," he exclaimed, after a pause, and in a voice that trembled perceptibly, "I suppose it is all settled? The attempt is vain," he added, "I cannot hide my feelings from you."

"I am afraid it is," replied the widow sorrowfully, "though Lucy has made no acknowledgment to me of her affection. Poor girl, she must suspect that the choice she has made is the overthrow of all my hopes for my old age."

"Don't blame her, mother — perhaps she does not know all this. Long ago I should have given

myself a fair chance, and told her that I loved her better than with a brother's love; instead of weighing words and looks, and smothering every expression of my feelings, from the romantic notion that I would not ask her to love me until I was in business for myself, and could place her in the position of a prosperous tradesman's wife. Idiot that I was, not to be sure that I should be forestalled."

"And now that you are so near the summit of your wishes!" apostrophized his mother.

"To my astonishment! The offer of Mondson to take me into partnership is a most extraordinary piece of good fortune."

"He knows there are not half a dozen such workmen in London, and that a fortune is to be made by the improvements you have suggested," replied Mrs. Lawson, with pride.

"Well," sighed Jasper, "from whatever cause it is, it comes like a mockery now. I doubt if there will be any more improvements of mine. I have little heart for anything."

"I can hardly forgive her for this, Jasper — and so much as I have always said against him —"

"There it is, mother," interrupted the young man almost fiercely, "if she love him in the manner that I love her, the more he is blamed the more will she cling to him. Why, I feel if she were plunged into want and misery — her beauty

gone, or with evil tongues like harpies darting at her, such an hour of woe would be the one in which I would show my adoration most passionately, most madly, if you like to call it so — she would still *be herself*, and it is herself that I love."

Poor Mrs. Lawson was awed and pained by her son's enthusiasm. Like many other excellent-hearted and shrewd persons, she was quite incapable of following those subtle emotions, which are the most real in the world, and more than any others influence human destinies; and yet are scoffed at by a large number of persons as "mere imagination," "romance," "nonsense," and a long list of et ceteras!

We must take the reader a little behind the curtain. Ralph Ashton was quite as much in love with Lucy Freeling as his nature permitted him to be; but his was that common passion, a purely selfish one. He admired her beauty, and would be proud of a wife thus endowed, and with mental acquirements something beyond those common to her station. But his cunning brain worked upon two ulterior objects which had nothing to do with these personal qualities. It so happened, that a great deal of the business connected with the affairs of the bankrupt trustee had passed through the office in which Ashton was employed, and he knew enough of it to form

an almost positive opinion that Lucy would ultimately recover her little fortune. However, he took care to keep this knowledge to himself, and wooed her apparently with the most disinterested affection, not even at present hinting of the plan which in his own mind was well-nigh matured, that of establishing his wife at the west-end of the town as a fashionable milliner, well knowing that her taste and skill, and superior manners, would be sure to raise her to an eminence that must contribute greatly to his ease and comfort. In short, he planned to himself becoming something like that very contemptible creature, of deathless memory, the renowned Mantilini.

A few weeks passed over, and Ralph Ashton and Lucy Freeling were engaged to be married. In justice to the latter, we must say that she had only very lately suspected the deep feelings which her life-long companion, Jasper Lawson, entertained for her, and the discovery made to her by his vexed and disappointed mother pained her deeply. It is true Mrs. Lawson had sometimes hinted at her hopes for the future, in phrases sufficiently intelligible to Lucy, but alas! Jasper had concealed his affection but too well. The time had been, she knew, that he might have won her; but it was gone by, she said, and she could but regard him as a dear brother.

They were engaged, and all seemed fair before them; and Ralph even ventured to hint one day from intelligence which he declared he had received but a few hours before, that perhaps after all Lucy would have her money. He did this advisedly, for he knew it was very likely that the news would reach her in a day or two from another quarter. Sorrow was coming, however, as it generally does, from an unexpected source. The "aching" of her eyes, of which Lucy had complained as the result of excessive application to her needle, became more distressing, and on medical advice being obtained, the most alarming symptoms were discovered. With all the horrors of threatened blindness before her, Lucy was confined for several weeks to a darkened room; and months must elapse before there was any hope that under the most favorable circumstances she could apply herself to her ordinary occupation. During this time Jasper became a junior partner in the establishment to which he had belonged, and through his mother, his increased income contributed to the comforts and medical attendance of the poor sufferer. How could the poor destitute orphan refuse help from him who only asked to be called "her brother?" She did not refuse it, nay, she felt that she would rather be assisted by him than by her betrothed. How strange are the intricacies of human feeling!

During these months of suffering, the affairs of the bankrupt trustee had been thrown into chancery, and there was little hope now of a settlement of them for years. Poor Lucy! little could she have thought that the day would come, and that soon, in which the loss of her money, months of suffering, partial blindness, and personal disfigurement, would appear to her like so many "blessings in disguise" that had combined to save her from a gulf of misery and ruin.

When the cure, so far as it could be effected, was complete, a white film still remained to mar the beauty and obscure the vision of one of those deep blue eyes, which had seemed like stars of light and love to poor Jasper Lawson. Moreover the oculists declared that the preservation of the other eye depended on the most careful abstaining from anything like straining the visual organs.

Only a few days had elapsed since this fiat went forth, and but once had Ralph Ashton seen Lucy since the bandages were removed, when she received a letter from him, dictated by that one virtue, which those who possess no other are ever ready to put prominently forward — Prudence. It pointed out some facts, which she really must have known before, and among them the great change in their future prospects her affliction had made; hinted very intelligibly at

the wisdom of a separation, and concluded by mentioning that unless she desired to see him he should refrain from calling again, and signing himself "ever her sincere friend!"

Lucy Freeling was for a while stunned by the blow; but though her young and susceptible heart had been caught and led astray, it was of a nature too fine to be broken by a mockery — a falsehood.

"Do not tell me not to weep," she exclaimed, a few days afterwards, as she sat between Mrs. Lawson and her son, with a hand in one of each; "I know you would comfort me as dearest mother and brother might. But do not tell me not to weep. It cannot be *that man* whom I have loved; and with these foolish tears there seems to pass away some dream, some folly — better this — better this — a thousand times than to have been his wife. I feel it so. Believe it. I do indeed."

A sharp irrepressible cry escaped Jasper Lawson, and both his mother and Lucy turned towards him. One look was exchanged, and throwing himself passionately beside her, he twined his arm round her waist, and pressed her to his heart with an impulse that would not be stayed.

"Lucy," he exclaimed, "there is one whose heart has been filled with thoughts of you for years; to whom you are the same in sickness

and in health; rich, or in poverty; with beauty perfect, or with beauty blemished; his heart does not feel the difference — it is *yourself* he loves, no conjured image of a youthful fancy. Mother, mother, did I not tell you this when hope was dead within me?"

Is there much wonder that Lucy's heart, released from the sway of a phantom love, clung now and forever to the Tried and the True?

FIRESIDE AFFECTIONS.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

The man who sits down in a virtuous home, however humble, in which his own industry enables him to breathe the atmosphere of independence, and his wife's management to enjoy cleanliness and comfort, has a vast scope for the creation of happiness. The minds of his children, — of his wife, — his own mind, are so many microcosms, which only ask to be inquired into and developed, to reveal hoards of wealth, which may be coined into current enjoyment. We are ever too little sensible of the good immediately within our grasp; too ready to cavil at difficulties and to declare them impossibilities. A great man once said there were no such things, and as all proverbs have their foundation in practical truth, this idea may receive confirmation from the common phrase — "Where there is a will there is a way." It is certain that the difference between what zeal and energy will accomplish with small means, compared with what power, ill applied or feebly applied, will long leave unachieved, is most astounding. Few are those who have not to reproach themselves with su-

pineness, or a prodigal waste of time and resources; few, who, when they look back upon the field of past experience, but feel how barren they have left the track which might have been richly cultivated. Let us instantly reform. The present will become the future; let us resolve that it shall be rich in fruit, delicious to the reverting spirit of review, and yielding good seed for the progressive path before us. The traveller rarely begins with his own country; in like manner, the searcher after enjoyment too often looks beyond home; too late in life's journey, when little of either strength or time remains, this is regretted. In the case of home, the early neglect is usually irretrievable, where, we may be certain, if flowers are not cultivated, weeds will spring, — where the violet and the rose might have charmed our senses, the nettle and night-shade will offend them. Fenelon was accustomed to say, "I love my family better than myself; my country better than my family; and mankind better than my country; for I am more a Frenchman than a Fenelon, and more man than a Frenchman." This is an instance of reasoning more beautiful in theory than reducible to practice; I should be satisfied with the man who proceeded almost inversely and invested his first funds in the domestic treasury; these once established and yielding interest, he may at once

enjoy and dispense at will. Many spirits are moving on the stream of society, and the rising waters are attesting their influence. Religion has its preachers, science and politics their lecturers, but there seems to be a dearth of moral teachers — Apostles of the Religion of Home, who would show warmly and eloquently to assembled congregations the beauty and the benefits of the home affections, — the dreadful blank and ruinous bankruptcy attendant on their want or violation — who would send away their dispersing auditors with awakened hearts, each saying in the secret chamber of its individual breast, — "*I will* be a better wife, a better husband, a better parent, a better child, than I have ever been." Those who should make this resolve and act up to it might count upon an exceeding great reward — the harvest of present happiness, and the solace of future consolation. Of the latter need, let it ever be remembered, none will be spared; the wedded will be the widowed — the parented will be the orphaned. The links of life are not more surely cemented than they are struck asunder, and happy is he in whose living hand is left the fragment of the chain; if, when the heart that loved him is cold, he can lay his hand upon his own, and say — "I never neglected her — I was never unkind; we suffered, but I ever sought to make *her* share of suffering the least."

As happy she who can recollect habits of devotion and endurance, that she kept ever present to her mind how he was toiled and tried in the conflicting struggles of the world abroad, and had sedulously sought, as much as in her lay, to create for him a recompense at home — sweet will be this drop in her bitter cup of bereavement. Without risking the charge of partiality, I may say this consolatory consciousness of self-abnegation falls more often to the lot of woman than of man. Many affecting instances in the most unfortunate walks of life are often recorded in the public prints, where a wife, to shield a savage assailant from punishment, has pleaded guilty to self-violence. These revolting circumstances will disappear with the class in which alone they are found, as temperance and intelligence advance; for hearts, hundreds of hearts, that were originally capable of tenderness, have been defrauded of the blessed privileges of loving and dispensing kindness, because unhappy circumstances denied the current of affection permission to flow forth, and gentleness and sweetness to become the habit of behavior. The kindlier feelings, checked in their outset, grow stagnant, or take a concealed and sluggish course, never yielding sufficient evidence of vitality. Thus many whom self-culture has redeemed mentally from the bondage of early bad habits,

have failed to attain moral emancipation from the thraldom in which want of genial manners principally contributes to hold them. I have noticed even a false shame evinced at giving any evidence of susceptibility to the lovable emotions, and rudeness affected to hide the tenderness that was yearning to burst forth. To these I would say in the beautiful language of a popular song: —

> Love now! ere the heart feels a sorrow,
> Or the bright sunny moments are flown:
> Love now! for the dawn of to-morrow
> May find thee unloved and alone.

Oh! alone — alone in the house of mourning! What would you not then give to recall the time when you suffered your best feelings to lie in unprofitable silence? — what would you not give to recall to consciousness — consciousness of your love, your contrition — the heart you had often hurt by apparent indifference? By a magic peculiar to death, all that was beautiful, was amiable, in the departed, rises on the stricken heart of the survivor with renewed beauty; while in the same proportion his own merits shrink — his own demerits are magnified. Spare thyself this bitter addition to a bitter draught — the cup may not pass from thee! Let not the sun of affection go down while it is yet day, or the night of thy mourning will be dark indeed!

It seems strange that mental improvement should be more easy than moral amelioration — but so it is; the mind's prejudices fall before that silent monitor, a book, and the faculties assert their freedom: but it requires more effort to affect a change of manner, and modes of expression — if the amenities have not grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, they rarely take kindly to the soil. Gentleness and tenderness then must be among the first and most constant of the influences exerted over the infant mind. The general increase of kindliness and urbanity, in the classes in which the graces of society have been least regarded, are among the best advances that have long been making. The history of private life in past times exhibits a severity of conduct towards the young, from a mistaken notion of its utility, nay, of its necessity, that it is painful to recall. The sceptre was not deemed more essential to the king, the mace to the keeper of his conscience, than the rod to the school-master; and if portraits of these birch-loving pedagogues could be presented to us, no doubt the stereotyped frown would be found on every face. Lady Jane Grey records that she never sat in her mother's presence, and severe study was a sweet shelter from such severe austerity. Joy to the young spirits of the nineteenth century — everywhere be their hearts opened by

kindness and encouragement! Let us not be niggards of the moral comfit — praise. Credit to a dawning or dormant capacity is often what an advance of capital is to a struggling trader; it assists, perhaps inspires, the exertion that enables him to realize fortune and repay the loan with interest. I would present to every parent the following beautiful lines by Coleridge, and even suggest their being committed to memory: —

"O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it; — so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education, — Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend like snow embossed in snow;

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er, with soul transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies:
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And, both supporting, does the work of both."

OLD HAUNTS

BY M. F. TUPPER.

I LOVE to linger on my track
  Wherever I have dwelt,
In after years to loiter back,
  And feel as once I felt;
My foot falls lightly on the sward,
  Yet leaves a deathless dint,
With tenderness I still regard
  Its unforgotten print.

Old places have a charm for me
  The new can ne'er attain,
Old faces — how I long to see
  Their kindly looks again!
Yet, these are gone: — while all around
  Is changeable as air,
I'll anchor in the solid ground
  And root my memories there!

THE BLUE EYES.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"I AM very late, dear Fanny, but I have twenty things to tell you of, which have detained me to-day," said Walter Bingham to his wife, as she met him in the hall with a smiling face and affectionate welcome. Their house was a small one, in an obscure and fourth-rate street; but love and peace were the guardian angels that kept the portal, and shed a fairy lustre throughout the dwelling.

"Nay," replied the wife, "you said that I must not expect you before five, but that you would not be later than six; it has not struck, so I am sure I have no right to complain."

"Ah, Fan, you never scold — but you know very well I meant to be home long ago,"

Walter Bingham's history may be briefly told. He had been left an orphan when a mere child, and confided by his father's will to the guardianship of his maternal uncle, the child's nearest relative. Mr. Shirley was a thoroughly worldly man. It would have been a compliment to call

him "a man of the world," seeing that this phrase, ugly as it is in its most general meaning, nevertheless implies a width — a grasp of mind Walter's uncle never possessed; but he was intensely worldly and selfish in all his aims, narrow as they were, without a sympathy beyond his own hearth, from which indeed in this sense the orphan was excluded. Fortunately, Walter's fortune, amounting to about six thousand pounds, had been so tightly secured in the hands of trustees, that, beyond receiving the appointed allowance for his education, even Mr. Shirley's ingenuity could not make away with it during the boy's minority; but he was not without his plans by which to appropriate it nevertheless. On one dexterous pretext or another he avoided settling Walter in any profession or pursuit until he became of age; taking care meanwhile to make his life glide away so smoothly, that delays and changes of purpose seemed to have arisen from the most fortunate course of events.

His scheme, however, was to make Walter's inheritance the nucleus of a fortune for his own son Charles, a shrewd youth, who added to his father's characteristics a keener intellect, and, if possible, a colder heart. In due time, therefore, a mercantile project was brought forward, and in a few weeks a partnership was formed between the cousins. Charles Shirley was at this time

seven or eight and twenty: it was represented that his experience — and circumstances had given him a knowledge of business — should be weighed against Walter's money, and they started on terms of perfect equality. A thriving business, however, once established, the "experienced" partner had no notion of another reaping the fruits of his toil. By turns appalling his dupe — for that is the proper term — by the proposal of daring and unprincipled speculations, and impressing him with a sense of his own unfitness to cope with anxieties so great, or decide on undertakings so important, in less than six years he contrived to dissolve their partnership — leaving Walter, it is true, but a wreck of his property, and yet gaining his end without any violent rupture or wordy quarrel.

The cousins were as opposite as light from darkness. Walter Bingham's was a nature that would not swerve aside from the path of strict integrity for all the temptations of gain which could be offered him. His own high heart had saved him from many of the evils of an imperfect and even corrupt education; but his character had developed rather late, and all which was valuable he had learned since he became his own master, and not a few of his early lessons had he unlearned during the same period. He was *now* a great deal too self-reliant to be made the dupe

of any one. He had married, too, and wedded with a gentle, loving woman, whose finely tempered mind responded to all his own highest principles and noblest aspirations. Both were devoid of vulgar ambition, both tested things by their reality and not by their seeming; and, as is ever the case in such unions, each felt from this mutual support firmer of heart for all high purposes than they could have been separately. One or two plans for realizing an income without dipping into his diminished capital had been adopted by Walter Bingham, and two or three years had passed in these experiments without any very flattering degree of success; and by the autumn day on which they are introduced to the reader, the young couple were seriously thinking of emigrating to Australia. All in all to each other, there was no tie in England to make the step a painful one; and they knew that under any sky their own hearts could make home.

Their simple dinner was soon over, and meanwhile Fanny learned how her husband had been disappointed of seeing one man of business, and had had to wait half an hour for another, and how a stoppage of vehicles in one of the narrow great thoroughfares had impeded the cab he had taken to save time, with half a dozen disasters fully sufficient to account for his coming home

just at the dinner hour, instead of in time to take his wife a pleasant walk previously. The evening was chilly, so Fanny proposed a fire; and they drew their chairs cosily near the cheerful blaze. How one enjoys the first fire of the season! — (or for that matter one on a *cold* summer's day) — it really has an exhilarating effect, something akin to real sunshine after gloomy weather. And then Walter Bingham recapitulated the day's adventures, and, among other things, said —

"I have been haunted all day by the countenance of a child I saw this morning, and have only this instant remembered of whom it is he reminded me. You have heard me speak of Lucy — poor Lucy."

"You mean the poor servant girl who nursed you so tenderly through the fever when you were a boy?"

"I do. Her who was driven from my uncle's house with fiercest anger and in deepest shame. Vain were all my after efforts to discover her fate, for I was but a powerless youth, and those about me divined that I felt grateful to the outcast, and pitied where they only scorned. Fallen as she was, there must have been much of the angel left uncorrupted in that poor girl's soul. At the very time when desertion and infamy, and woman's sorest hour of trial, were hanging

over her like the gatherings of a thunder-cloud, ready to discharge its death-bolt, she watched beside me with the tenderness of a sister;—yes, though they who were my kindred thought all was done when a doctor was summoned and a hired nurse provided. But it was poor Lucy who in the lonely hours of the long night was always near; who could shake up the pillows to a form and softness like no other; and from whose hand the cooling drink seemed always most refreshing: and then when I used to grieve for the loss of her rest, she would smile sadly and say, 'I cannot sleep—let me stay here and be of use.' And often and often, when I lay between the fitful waking and dozing of sickness, have I seen her blue eyes, glistening with the tears which did not flow, raised to heaven as if in silent supplication; while her countenance bore a look of suffering I can never forget. And just that look—just those blue eyes—did I behold in the street to-day."

"But you said it was a child you saw," replied the young wife, looking, perhaps involuntarily, towards a pretty little crib of basket-work and pink silk, where slumbered a rosy little Walter. It was the mention of a child that had first aroused her interest, touching some strange heart-chord, and to it she easily reverted again,

even from poor Lucy's well known but tragic story.

"Not an infant, my love," returned Bingham, "but a boy of some twelve or fourteen years of age. I was endeavoring to make a short cut into Holborn, guiding my steps rather by the compass than by any recollection of the map of London, when suddenly I found myself in the midst of a densely populated but evidently most wretched neighborhood. Lost in reverie — "

"Oh, do break yourself of that habit: I am sure you will be run over one of these days if you don't," interrupted the anxious Fanny, taking her husband's hand; but he continued —

"I believe I was first aroused from my musings by the sensation of a change in the atmosphere to something more disagreeable than I had ever inhaled before. Close and fetid it was to an intolerable degree; and no wonder when I looked on the scene around me. I was in the midst of dilapidated habitations, which yet seemed swarming with tenants, if I might judge from the throngs of half-starved, half-clad, unwashed creatures, of both sexes and of all ages, by whom I was surrounded. Men, brutalized I would fain believe by ignorance, with a stolid look, unlighted by any gleam of intelligence, save that which to my mind is more revolting than idiotism — low cunning; women of demeanor as

coarse, and using language as foul, as their companions, with long and bushy hair matted about their faces, and all — both men and women — more or less idling; some lounging at doors and windows, smoking or quarreling; and even where there was the pretence of employment, it was conducted in so listless a manner that it could not be associated with industry.

"The children, mimics as they always are, reflected the scene around them; yet, though equally abject, emaciated, and miserable, there was, on the whole, more activity about them, more human intelligence, — they seemed only undergoing the process of corruption — the seal of utter, irremediable degradation was not yet fixed. Still, even in their play — and how wonderful it is that such children should play at all! — there was the same animal selfishness to be traced as that which seemed written on the adult countenances, the same chuckle at momentary success, and the same absence of all generous sympathy.

"To all this, however, there was one exception. Sitting on a door-step, at a little distance from a ragged, dirty, noisy group of urchins, was the boy to whom I allude. He had evidently been weeping bitterly, but there was a lull after the passion of tears, and his blue eyes were raised to the sky with an expression of hopeless

misery I can never forget. It has haunted me all day; and the very intensity with which, at the moment, I tried to recall the likeness to my memory, robbed me of the presence of mind — or instinct rather — which should have prompted me to question the poor child. But I had little time for reflection; almost at the instant, a ruffianly-looking man came forward, and seizing the boy with the authority of a master, began cuffing him with his fist, as he half drove, half dragged him along. Amid the storm of imprecations which accompanied these proceedings, all I could understand was, that the child had lost, or been robbed of, a penny, with which he had been intrusted to pay the postage of a letter. Strange, Fanny, is it not? that I cannot forget that poor boy!"

CHAPTER SECOND.

Winter had passed away; a long, cold winter: yet to the well housed, well clothed, well warmed, well fed many, a season of social, genial, or studious hours profitably passed, and pleasant to remember. In a well curtained, well carpeted chamber, with the cheerful fire acting as the magnet of the room — and the book, or the pencil, music's softening recreation, and the highest and most inexhaustible resource of all, that rapid and suggestive interchange of thought, for which

we want some more definite term than "conversation" — it matters but little what the strife of the elements may be without; how biting the wind, or penetrating the rain, or death-dealing the frost! Far differently the winter passes in the haunts of penury, or even in the abodes of the laboring poor. The resources which are just equal to meet the wants of summer, sorely fail in the hour of bitterer trial, when physical suffering brings its inevitable train of moral degradations; and the animal instinct of self-preservation asserts its dominion over every nobler faculty.

It had been a winter of great misery to the very poor; and a period of those convulsions in the mercantile world which spread their eddies in many widening circles. Walter Bingham had not escaped their influence; he was still without employment, and poorer than in the autumn, inasmuch, that he had dipped for those months' support still deeper into his capital. But a heavier sorrow than this had fallen on the young couple. Alas! the little crib was empty; — the pallor of death had displaced the roses of health, and the new life, so full of promise and freshness, had died out from the earth, though so many of the old and feeble, and loveless and wretched, still lingered behind: — one of the solemn lessons, with which each day is rife, that tell of the vanity of human expectations.

The Binghams had quite decided on emigration, and had completed nearly every preparation. Berths were even secured in a ship which would shortly sail, but Walter had still business to settle with his wily cousin. Though what the calendar calls spring, it was a chilly evening; in fact, much such weather as, belonging to opposite seasons, strangely enough, sometimes recalls during one, the other to mind; and so like was it in its character to that day on which we first introduced Walter Bingham to the reader, that he had been more than once irresistibly reminded of it and its events. He had called on his cousin on his return home, hoping finally to arrange the matter between them, in which there was a dispute about two or three hundred pounds. They were in earnest conference in a parlor fronting the street, and had drawn near the window to examine some memorandums scarcely otherwise to be distinguished in the deepening twilight. Suddenly there was a noise in the street — a rabble of men and boys, apparently dragging along some juvenile offender — and then a halt immediately before the house. In a moment, Bingham recognized in the culprit the child who had interested him so much six months before!

To rush into the street, and to rescue the boy from the rough hands which grasped him, promising to listen presently to any accusations, was

the work of a few seconds; and a similar act of impulse was to draw him into Mr. Shirley's dwelling. Most poorly clad, dirty, ragged, meagre, miserable looking to the last degree, the boy still retained the *expression* which had touched so deeply in the heart of Walter Bingham. The blue eyes, gleaming through tears, from time to time looked upwards as he answered Walter's questioning.

"How came you into this trouble?" he asked.

"I broke a window," said the boy.

"Broke a window — on purpose?" pursued his interrogator.

"Yes; I have no home — I want to be sent to prison."

"No home — no parents?" continued Bingham.

"I never had," sobbed the boy. "I am a workhouse child. I was brought up at M—— workhouse."

"But they have not turned you adrift into the streets, surely?"

"No: they put me out to a shoemaker."

"Then why are you homeless?"

"Because I sold a bit of leather for twopence, which I thought master had thrown away — I am sure I did" — and here the boy broke into a torrent of tears.

"Come, tell me all about it," said Bingham,

in a kind voice, suspecting there was a story of oppression and temptation to hear.

"He beat me for losing a penny, and said I stole it — but I never did," sobbed the poor unfortunate; "and then — and then — they called me a thief, and the boys laughed at me, and asked me what I stole — as — as — I never had halfpence for play or for cakes — and yet they would not believe me when I said I was not a thief, and so — and so — I took the bit of leather, and I never had twopence before."

"And what did you do with the money?"

"I bought nuts for the boys in the court. But they sent me to prison for a thief, and when I came out I had nowhere to go — master would not let me into his house — and so — and so — I broke the window to go back to prison: for I won't be a thief, and what can I do?"

What can I do? Oh, question so difficult for sages and legislators to answer; and one which can never be satisfactorily solved till charity walks more bravely abroad in the world — with a hand ready to raise up the fallen, — and hope shines as God meant it to shine — a light to cheer and lead forward even the most wretched! Absorbed in the child's history, Bingham had not noticed his cousin; but now he looked up, and was almost alarmed to see that he had sunk into a chair, and that his countenance was of a

deathlike paleness. Truth to tell, he too had started at the expression of the "blue eyes," and when the boy mentioned the M—— workhouse, his guilty conscience told him the rest.

Bingham raised his hand to his brow, as if he would sweep back a host of newer memories, and recall, in all their vividness, the scenes of his boyhood.

"Lucy — poor Lucy! — is it so?" he murmured, appealing to his cousin, who, with the characteristic cowardice of cruelty, dragged him into an adjoining room, and besought him in the most abject manner to keep his secret. Mean, craven souls always judge the nobler ones which they are unable to comprehend by their own low standard, and Shirley was full of dread and suspicion that his cousin would use his newly acquired knowledge as a means of terror and a threat over him.

Charles Shirley had a shrewish wife, with a fortune "settled on herself!"

There was a terrible confession wrung from him by interrogations, and made in fear and trembling.

A false marriage, an awakening to shame, desertion, and maternity, and death in a workhouse!

"Not for your sake, not for yours," exclaimed Bingham, with honest indignation, "but for the

memory of that suffering girl, but for the presence of those 'blue eyes' which watched over me in the hours of mortal sickness, I take the charge of your nameless child. To the southern hemisphere, away from the land of his birth, I take him — he is not yours to give."

And when Fanny, his dear Fanny, she whose heart ever beat in unison with his own, heard the tale, she wreathed her arms round her husband's neck in a proud and approving caress, and looking down at her black garments, and pointing to the empty crib, she murmured — "To be a substitute, at least a consolation."

And the three are at this hour crossing the blue ocean! May fair winds speed them on their way, and a bright sky canopy their new home. The heart's promptings more often come straight from heaven than the cool calculations of the head; and I am dreaming a beautiful dream, of childlike affection, and unutterable gratitude; of an approving conscience, and of fortune's gifts, which seem profuse to them of few wants and simple pleasures!

"THE WARM YOUNG HEART."

BY AUTHOR OF PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A BEAUTIFUL face, and a form of grace,
Were a pleasant sight to see;
And gold, and gems, and diadems,
Right excellent they be:
But beauty and gold, though both be untold,
Are things of a worldly mart;
The wealth that I prize, above ingots or eyes,
Is a heart,—a warm young heart!

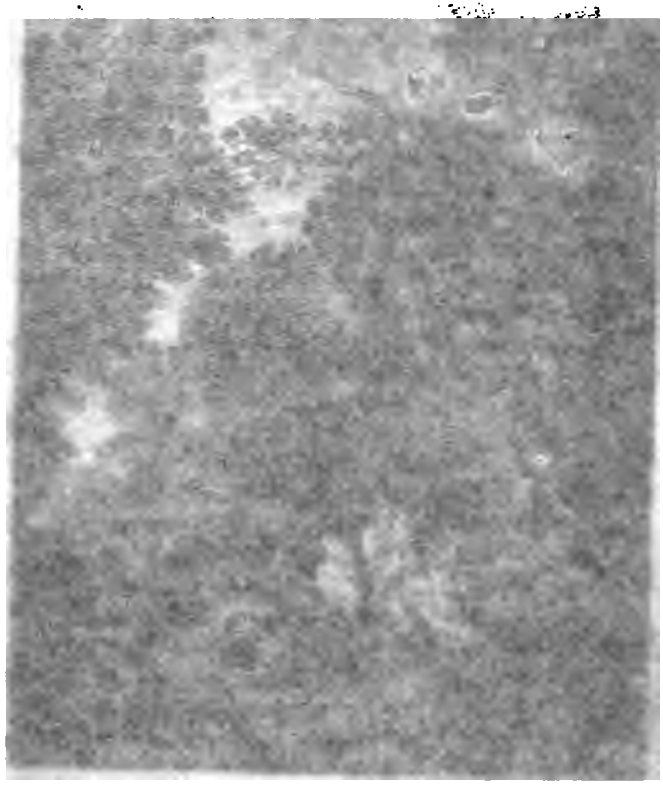
O face most fair, shall thy beauty compare
With affection's glowing light?
O riches and pride, how pale ye beside
Love's wealth, serene and bright!
I spurn thee away, as a cold thing of clay,
Though gilded and carved thou art,
For all that I prize, in its smiles and its sighs,
Is a heart—a warm young heart!

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

ANONYMOUS.

Happy mother! happy child!
Each around the other clinging,
She with pensive face and mild,
He his blithest carol singing:
See, his little song beguiles
Another of his mother's smiles,
While her fond and soft caress
Forms his dearest happiness!
Happy mother! happy child!

What though soon that gentle boy
Should learn to sigh, should meet with sorrow!
He who is her greatest joy
Then from her sweet peace shall borrow!
Or think we of the coming hour
When boyhood yields to manhood's power;
Then shall he make her soul rejoice,
Truth breathes in our prophetic voice;
Happy mother! happy child!



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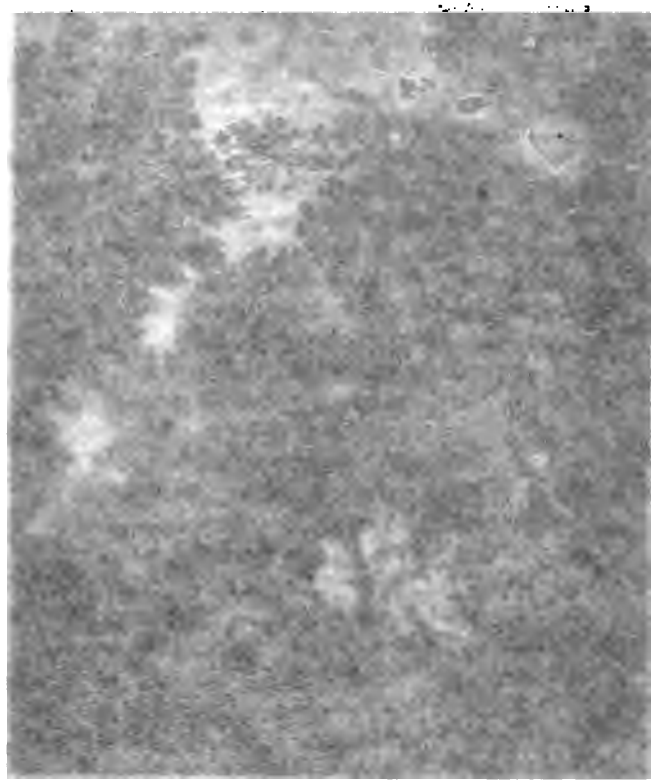


THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE LAW OF OPINION.

A TALE.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

It was the last day of the assizes in a country town, and a man sat on the wayside a few miles distant from that town, his chin resting on both hands, his elbows on his knees, his gaze fixed on the ground, and his whole air betokening the extreme of despondency or sullenness; perhaps of both; for though he was young, scarce two and twenty, there was a deep gloom on his brow, which might be referred to either feeling, and a lurid gloom was in the downcast eyes, while his cheeks were pale and sunken, through anguish of mind, not want or illness. His entire worldly possessions were contained in the small bundle lying beside him, tied up in a handkerchief; truly all his possessions, for he had neither good character nor friends. At those assizes just terminating, he had been arraigned for murder — the murder of his dearest friend, the ascribed motive being the appropriation of a trifling sum belonging to the deceased. There was a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against him, but a connecting link was wanting, and he

was found "Not guilty:" a Scottish jury would have said "Not proven;" but no such middle course being allowed in England, the result was an acquittal. But what an acquittal! No hand was extended in friendly greeting; no voice welcomed him back to liberty; no eye looked kindly on him. He was restored to all the privileges of a free-born Englishman; but he was an outcast from the society of his countrymen. The law pronounced him innocent; but the public voice proclaimed him guilty, and renounced his fellowship. On being recognized that morning, he had been dismissed with insult from the miserable lodging whither he had betaken himself the previous evening. He had been reviled, hooted, and pelted beyond the outskirts of the town, and only saved from personal injury by the interference of the officers of that law it was assumed he had offended; and his spirit was chafed and his feelings wounded by the contumely with which he had been treated.

How long he had been there he could not have told: the shadows might have moved, but he marked them not — all was shadow now to him; while the flight of time was unevidenced by any diminution of the weariness of body or lassitude of mind which had bade him pause there to rest. There were footsteps along the road, and voices approaching, but he did not look up; at that

moment he seemed not to care who the passers by might be. Suddenly one near to him pronounced his name and the crime for which he had been tried, coupled with opprobrious and insulting epithets. He started to his feet with his bundle in his hand, and looked wildly round him. Several lads were gathered in a semicircle, and one of their number having just proclaimed his identity with the object of universal detestation, they were gazing on him with looks of mingled aversion and curiosity. "Stand back, all of you!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, in a threatening tone, indignant at being stared at in that manner, like a wild beast.

They retreated a few yards; then, emboldened by distance and numbers, began to taunt and upbraid him with the death of his friend, and with many a degrading thought and evil passion which had never entered his heart nor his imagination, until, stung to madness by their provocations, he raised a large stone which lay at his feet, though more with the intention of dispersing his tormentors than of injuring any one of them. A shout of defiance from the young ruffians strengthened his purpose, and already the missile was poised in his hand, when a voice seemed to echo that hated word "murder," but in warning, in his ear; then, recalled in an instant to himself, he repulsed the temptation of

revenge, cast the stone to the ground, and springing over the hedge, amidst a yell of exultation from the youthful champions of justice, bounded away across the country, over fence and ditch and field, in his headlong flight towards his home.

Home! What a world of meaning is conveyed by that single word! What does it not imply of hope and gladness, of sweetest memories, strong affections, and pure and stingless pleasures? And shunned and miserable as he was, even that unhappy being had a home, where dwelt those who were very dear unto his heart. But how might they receive him? The doubt had inflicted greater agony on his spirit than the bitterest taunts of his most savage persecutors. It was dusk when he entered his native village, and involuntarily he slunk along with a stealthy step, lest the sound of his foot might awaken animosity. Many weeks had elapsed since he was there last, and though all was still the same, it looked different to him. There were the same cottages, with their low quaint fences, and walls draperied with honeysuckle and roses; but as he passed they seemed to frown on him somewhat of the abhorrence with which the once kindly tenants now would meet him. The village church, built on a rising ground, was soon observable, looking shadowy and spectre-like

amid the gloom; and he remembered his childish awe, in years gone by, at the thought that he should one day be placed beneath the green turf which girt it round — now he would that he had been laid there then. There, too, was the blacksmith's shed, where he had so often loitered in idle hours; some work still detained the blacksmith at his anvil, and it was surrounded by loungers, talking eagerly — alas! he could but too well guess the subject of their conversation! A little shop, with oranges, eggs, cakes, bull's-eyes, and such kinds of sweatmeats, in the window, stood near: it was his mother's. He had not seen her since his arrest, and he knew that she had been very ill during the interval — ill through distress at the charge brought against him. Long ere this she would have known of his release: would she, could she, too, share in the general aversion he had excited?

With a faltering step he entered beneath the humble roof — the shop was empty, and he passed onward to the open door, which led into the inner room. At the sound of his footstep, a girl, who had sat crouching on a low stool beside the fire, rose and came forward, and on seeing him, flung herself into his arms, and burst into tears. She was his sister, his only one, and they had been a great deal to each other; yet, as he kissed her cheek, he almost fancied she shrunk from the

caress. He released her from his embrace, and approached his mother, who, ghastly pale, and looking, as she was, heart-broken, sat motionless as a statue in the ancient high-backed chair, which his grandmother used to occupy of old. Her countenance was so rigid, her form so death-like, that he dared not, as he could have wished, fall upon her neck, but he knelt down at her feet, as he used to do as a child, when she would teach him those prayers he had too frequently omitted of later years. The poor woman laid a hand on either shoulder, and looked into his face. "Thank God, you have come back!" said she, in a low voice — "thank God that you are safe! But, oh that I should ever have lived to see this day!"

"Mother, mother!" said the wretched man, hoarsely, "I am innocent — I am innocent of shedding blood, as when I lay an infant in your arms! Mother, say you do not think me guilty!"

"I hope you are not, Richard," replied the mother. "God only knows how earnestly I hope you are not."

And this was Richard Drewatt's welcome home, after all his sorrow, his sufferings, and his danger, and by those who loved him better than did any one else on earth. But the curse of imputed crime was upon him; and even his nearest and dearest could not feel towards him

as of old. They were kind to him, however, and strove hard that he should perceive no difference in their mode of treating him; though, notwithstanding all their efforts, scarcely a minute passed without some involuntary betrayal of the change. For some days he remained quiet, without stirring abroad: he was, indeed, unfit for looking after anything. But while keeping still as death in the little room over the shop, the kindly-meant, but often ill-judged, remarks of the occasional customers — from whom his arrival was attempted to be concealed — reached his ears, telling him in what estimation he was held by former friends.

The village stood within two miles of a large town, whither he at length proceeded one morning in quest of employment, having stolen from his mother's dwelling before daybreak, like a thief escaping from prison, and gained the open country ere any of the neighbors were awake. Near the entrance to the town was the shop where he had learned and wrought at his trade of cabinet-maker, and he called there first, not with any expectations of success; for though his former master had given him a good character on his trial, he had not shown him any kindness afterwards; but Richard had nerved his mind to the effort to stem the tide of persecution, and assumed that, being acquitted, he must necessa-

rily be considered innocent. But to his application, the master answered coldly that his place was filled up, and no more hands were at present needed. He went to another, and yet another, until he had been at every shop of the description in the town, but with equally bad success: in each establishment there was some one that knew him, and his application was cut short at once. The last of the number belonged to the former foreman of his old master, and his refusal of employment, though as decided, was more kindly worded than most others. Drewatt turned to go away, and yet he hesitated. "It is this unfortunate story against me prevents your taking me on," said he, at length. "Surely, sir, you cannot believe that I am guilty?"

"I do not myself," was the reply, "but I am sorry to say there is a feeling against you, and my men would not let you work with them."

Sad, and sick at heart, Richard stole back to his mother's house in the dim twilight. How different it was in former times, when from that very town which now rejected his proffered labor, he used to return every evening, tired perhaps with his work, but gay and happy, and to a home indeed made blessed by affection and innocent and spontaneous merriment. Now they were forced and very mournful smiles which greeted him; and he had scarcely voice enough to reveal

his disappointments, expected though they had been.

On the following morning he set forth again, on a similar errand, to another town, about twelve miles distant from the village. But the same ill-fortune still attended him: some really had no vacancy for workmen, some looked suspiciously at him — for his description had gone the round of all the papers — and then declined engaging him. One person there was, evidently inclined to give him work, who asked his name, looked queer on hearing it, and inquired if he had not been till lately in the employ of Mr. Dunn at C. Richard replied in the affirmative, and was told there was no employment for him there.

Yet more dejected than before, the unfortunate man retraced his steps, resolving without further loss of time to quit the village perhaps forever, to prosecute, at a greater distance from the scene of his rebuffs and insults, his search of an opportunity to earn his subsistence honestly, by the labor of his hands. His immediate removal was indeed requisite; for the fact of his presence began to be whispered abroad, and people were growing chary of sending their children to the shop, where a reputed murderer might be encountered, and were not over ready to come themselves. And this shop being now the widow's sole support, loss of custom would be too

ruinous to be lightly hazarded. Were we giving the rein to *invention*, we might have sought to work upon the reader's feelings by depicting such loss of custom as being the immediate consequence of the general feeling against Richard. But we are relating a plain unvarnished tale; and in this instance the worthy villagers did not thus visit the presumed misdeeds of the son upon his unoffending parent; though the school which Kate kept formerly had inevitably to be discontinued.

It was night when Richard reached the first straggling houses of the hamlet; yet after passing them he sat down in the deeper obscurity at the foot of a ruined wall, for his heart failed him at the thought of meeting those at home, with the tale of repeated denials he had to tell. He heard a footstep coming along, and shrunk down to the level of a large stone and the rank weeds beside it, for whose vicinage he was thankful; for, more especially in his present irritated and desponding mood, he hated the very idea of encountering any of his former acquaintances. Presently he heard a lighter though slower step approaching from the opposite direction; and while still the angle of the wall prevented his seeing this second person, the man, who was by this time close to him, called out — "Why, who comes here? is 't you, Mary?"

"No — it's me — Kate Drewatt," replied Richard's sister in a trembling voice, and the next instant he could discover her form amid the dimness.

"Oh! ar'n't you almost afraid to be out so late? shall I go home with you?" inquired, with considerable hesitation, the former speaker, whom Drewatt recognized as one he had often considered Kate's most favored lover. Poor girl! it was in those bygone days when she had several.

"No, thank you; I can go home by myself," said Kate, in a prouder tone.

"Why, Kate, you must n't take it ill of me, that — that — " began the youth. "I mean you must n't put any blame on me because that — "

"I put no blame on any one for anything," replied Kate, sadly. "But you need n't tell me plainer what you mean, George Rushwood, for your looks and your behavior have spoken plainly as a printed book already."

"But what I mean, Kate, is not for you to be going to think I did n't love you, because I can't now wish you for my wife. If you were changed, Kate, as you can never change; if you were ugly and frightful, instead of the prettiest girl hereabouts, I would have loved you all the same — I could have worked for you, and for your mother, if she was poor and old, and had a dozen helpless children, I'd have worked for them all. But

no, Kate — though it goes nigh to break my heart to say so — I can't have the folks say that my wife is Dick Drewatt's sister."

"You might have waited till she was offered to you before you refused her," replied Kate with a little feminine spirit, though even then she could hardly speak for weeping. "But though Kate Drewatt is very, very unhappy, she is not yet so miserable as to wish the love or the pity of any man, much less any man who could despise her."

During their short dialogue the poor girl had moved past Rushwood, and she now hurried away, without leaving time for a reply. Her sometime suitor, and even now lover, gazed after her for a minute. "No — I can't do it!" he exclaimed at length, striking his stick loudly on the earth: "I can't! Father and mother would come out of their quiet graves to curse me, if I did it!" and with a bitter malediction on his unsuspected listener, Rushwood went his way.

Can any one guess that listener's feelings? They cannot imagine them more painful than they were. He knew before that he had been the means of heaping fearful misery on his family; but until then he had not seen its full extent. But self will have its due on all occasions: even amid his aggravated distress on their account, it cost him a bitter pang to know that

Kate had not made a single attempt to vindicate him. He could not, therefore, marvel at the imperfectly concealed loathing with which she endured his parting embrace, even while murmuring best and sincerest wishes for his happiness; his mother, too, as she blessed him, breathed a prayer rather for his reformation than his preservation from evil ways; and he left them with a heavy heart, inwardly resolving never again to cast the blight of his presence over them.

However, fortune seemed disposed to smile more kindly on him in the distant town, which, after many days of weary travelling, he reached at last; for there he obtained employment, under a feigned name, and by his expertness and industry appeared to have secured a fair prospect of its continuance.

One day there came a person on business to Drewatt's employer, whose face the wanderer half fancied he had seen before, though, as the stranger appeared to take no notice of him, he thought it must have been mere fancy. After that day it occurred to him, however, that his fellow-workmen kept more aloof, and were little disposed to enter into conversation with him, and not at all to seek his companionship — a circumstance rendered the less remarkable, it must be owned, by his being in general silent, moody,

and reserved; for, strive as he might to prevent it, the hard usage he had of late experienced had wrought such change in his demeanor. When Saturday night came, he was asked whether he had ever gone by the name of Drewatt; he could not deny it, and was at once discharged — penniless, except for his last week's wages, since he had made a constant practice of transmitting every farthing he could spare to his mother, whose declining health and narrow means — narrowed yet more through Kate's loss of her school — stood in much need of such assistance.

Richard judged truly that after this discovery it would be of no avail to seek employment in the neighborhood, and on the impulse of the moment he determined on taking his departure instantly from the place where the stigma of hatred and disgrace had followed. So packing up his personals, which had not much increased in bulk during the interval, he set out that very night to recommence his wanderings. He had gone scarcely half a mile with this intent, when he perceived a horse standing by the roadside riderless. On drawing near he found that he who should have been the rider was lying, head downwards, in a dry and shallow ditch, in the heavy sleep of intoxication, with one foot still in the stirrup, and his life at the horse's mercy. But, wiser than his master, the animal stood

perfectly quiet, — one might almost fancy, meditating on the fallen state of man. The stranger appeared in danger of instant suffocation; therefore Drewatt hastily extricated his foot, dragged him to a safer position on the grassy bank, and loosened his cravat. It then occurred to him to try to discover some clue to the residence of his unwished-for charge, whom he did not much like to leave alone in that condition, and who was to all appearance a farmer well to do in the world. On examining his pockets with that view, Drewatt found a large sum in gold, and notes to evidently a greater amount. The voice of the tempter spoke at once to his heart, and met a fearful echo there. Would that wealth were his! for wealth it would be to him, more than he could hope the toil of his whole lifetime would amass. And what but his own will were required to make it his? and then no more weary wanderings in search of work — no more dependence on the whim of his employers — no more depressing fears lest the breath of slander might deprive him of the poor man's chief earthly blessing, leave to labor for his livelihood. Here was enough to convey him to a distant country, where none could recognize him: here was enough to establish him well in business for himself in that strange land; and to enable him to provide sufficiently for his mother's wants. And she need

never know how he had gained that money which supported her old age — nor need the world; and even should suspicion of the robbery be cast upon him, it could not follow him in his flight; he could guard against being tracked; and as for that name, which must be left as a useless encumbrance behind him, it could not be consigned to greater ignominy than already covered it, or be exposed to deeper execration than had been already poured upon it.

He began to remove the talismanic treasure from the sleeper's pocket; but, at its touch, better thoughts came over him: the thought of that world hereafter, where each should be judged by his deeds and feelings, and not according to the opinions of his fellow-men; the thought also of this world, where he would thus be lending a darker coloring to the calumnies of evil wishers, overwhelming his unhappy relatives with yet more poignant anguish. No, he would not do it! the temptation had passed by, and the gold seemed to scorch his hand as if it had been burning coals, and the notes felt like living scorpions, as he quickly replaced them, eager to get the now hated things out of his sight. His next consideration was, what to do with the senseless, brutalized being who had steeped his senses to complete submersion in his inebriating draughts. There was no house in view, and he could not

remove him without assistance, while at the same time Drewatt feared to leave him, for at that moment the dread lay painfully heavy on his mind, that should the farmer be robbed, it would be ascribed to him. He sat there for some time: at length a person came along the road, whose aid he claimed. They shook the sleeper until he was as wide awake as his stupefied faculties would permit, then placed him on his horse, and, supporting him on either side, conveyed him to the town, where, in the first respectable inn they came to, he was left to finish his sleep, his property being first counted over in the presence of several persons, and consigned to the safe keeping of mine host. Then, with a well pleased conscience, and the satisfaction of having done his duty, Drewatt sought a lodging for the night, within the precincts of the town which, but a few hours before, he thought he had left forever.

On the following day he was, to his inexpressible amazement, taken into custody on suspicion of having robbed the very man who was so much indebted to his kindness. It appeared that at a cattle market, held on Friday, the farmer had effected sales to a great extent, for which he had been paid in gold and notes; of the latter he had marked down the numbers, and now asserted that one, for five pounds, was missing. On the Monday Drewatt was examined, he was proved

to have been alone with the complainant, after which period there was no opportunity for commission of the theft. His previous bad character, which now came forward, likewise went against him, and he was remanded until further evidence could be procured. And this was the reward of all Richard's good resolves and withstandings of temptation! Would this story, also, reach the village, to furnish food for ill-natured comments, and carry renewed sorrow to that dwelling which misfortune had already made its own. He did not doubt it: indeed, he was in that frame of mind not much to doubt that the note would be discovered in such position, and other circumstances transpire, so as to perhaps convict him. "It is as well to do evil as good," he thought; for he thought, too, that had he stolen the money, he should not have waited for detection.

We will not do more than allude to the whirlwind of varied passions which convulsed Drewatt's mind during the interval, until, looking indeed like a very culprit, he was again brought up for examination. But there an unexpected witness presented himself — the landlord of the public house where the farmer had passed the Friday night, and staid drinking in honor of his good fortune nearly all Saturday, and he produced the note in question, with which his customer had paid his bill. The state of intoxication

in which the farmer was at the time prevented his recollecting the circumstance; and he was severely reprimanded by the magistrate for his recklessness in thus preferring a charge against an innocent man, when a more careful computation of the gold in his possession would have proved his property in a state of security which he had not deserved. Perhaps the magistrate's animadversions drove the idea out of his mind; but at all events, Drewatt's accuser walked away without offering any recompense to the man who had in all probability preserved his life. Drewatt was told he might bring an action for false imprisonment, with every certainty of damages: but he would try nothing of the kind; he was sick of the law — sick of himself — sick of the world altogether; nor was such feeling much diminished by discovering subsequently that the general impression was that he had meditated the robbery, but that the approach of another person had compelled a change of purpose. What else could such an evil-minded man have meant to do?

A fortnight after this, pale, emaciated, and enfeebled, Drewatt passed out of the town. He had been ill, very ill indeed, since his discharge, and all his money and some of his clothes were gone, one shilling alone remained for his expenses, and he felt that soon he must beg, or

starve, — or steal! Walking was toilsome to him then; but on he went, slowly indeed, and with frequent rests, yet he had gone a good many miles, when, an hour or two after midday, he sat down to make his humble meal. There was an alehouse by the roadside, and a little beer might have recruited his strength; but he had no money to waste, and passing it by some distance, he drew forth the slice of bread and bit of cheese he had brought with him for his dinner. While engaged in eating it, Richard perceived something lying a little way further on, on the other side of the road, and when he had finished, he went over and picked it up. It was a green silk purse, — though not exactly what every one would have called a purse, being simply a little silk bag, tied round carefully with the cord which formed its string. Such as it was, however, it was not empty, and Richard's heart leaped for joy as he felt that it contained two large coins besides smaller ones. Here was fortune! here was enough, in all probability, to keep him some time longer from want, perhaps until he should be able to meet once more with employment. Yet, though the sight of its contents would have been pleasing to his eyes, he put the purse into his pocket without loosening the string; not from any doubt as to the appropriation of the money, but he felt some misgivings about meddling too

much with it in a hurry, lest this apparent good fortune should be the source of fresh trouble. He went on with a lighter heart and a firmer step, most thankful for the timely assistance thus thrown in his way. After a time, he began to wonder how the money had been dropt, and who had lost it. "Would it had been a farmer," he thought, "were it ten thousand times as much, and sunk in the deep dark ocean, and of no benefit to me!" Such are the feelings which the misconduct of one man too frequently excites towards his class. But the aspect of the little bag forbade the idea; it had belonged, most probably, to some one in very humble circumstances, perhaps was the sole treasure of one whom its loss would leave poor and wretched as himself—and he knew how hard such misfortune was to bear. This thought poisoned his delight, and as he proceeded he employed himself in further conjectures as to the loser.

At length he saw a young girl coming along, looking from side to side of the road, and examining every tuft of grass with the unmistakable air of one who has missed some article which should have been forthcoming. "Have you lost anything?" he inquired.

"I have, indeed!" she replied, turning on him a look of deep concern.

"Was it a purse?"

"Oh yes! — a little green silk bag, with two half-crowns, a shilling, and three sixpences!" exclaimed the girl eagerly, evidently in a hurry to identify it.

It was immediately restored to her, and the most heartfelt gratitude was poured forth with that natural eloquence which has its source in feeling. But almost as eloquent, and yet more welcome to Drewatt, was the language of those bright and truth-fraught eyes, as also the expression of that youthful and ingenuous countenance, whose beauty they enhanced. Drewatt had seen many pretty girls, but never one who seemed half so lovely in his eyes — the voice of kindness and friendship sounds doubly sweet to ears unaccustomed to receive it, and hers being that voice might have some influence on his feelings. She observed how ill he looked, advised him to rest, and insisted on his accepting the best share of some fine plums she carried in a basket. And very pleasant and refreshing they were to Drewatt's weariness, though yet more refreshing were the kind words and fearless demeanor of the girl, as, seated near him on the bank, she eat her own division of the fruit. Had she but known who was her companion, what difference might it not have occasioned in her conduct! Drewatt did not try the experiment, but after the fruit was finished, they walked on a little way to-

gether, when he assisted her over a stile, and she departed in her ignorance; though the whole of the story of her own life had passed into his possession; and he knew that to increase, instead of being a burthen on the scanty resources of an infirm father, she had, as soon as her younger sister was old enough to supply her place in the house, procured a situation as needlewoman, in a city a considerable distance away, whither she was now proceeding; her entire fund for travelling expenses consisting in the little treasure he had restored to her, to make the most of which, having sent on her box, she was performing a portion of the journey on foot.

The following day Drawatt reached another town, and recommenced his series of applications for employment; but all in vain; trade was bad, and many of their regular hands being out of work, no one would engage him — otherwise, his sickly look might alone have barred success, as it did in his endeavors to procure any other kind of work. A second fit of illness seized him, and when its violence was passed by, and he emerged from the wretched dwelling which had sheltered him, he was utterly destitute, without a farthing, or anything in the world, excepting the clothes he wore. He had no resource but beggary, and for some days he subsisted on the fluctuating charity of the towns-people. Then this failed,

also, and he was reduced to fearful want. Food had not passed his lips for more than twenty-four hours, and he stood in a quiet street, near the door of a baker's shop, eying its contents as they alone can do who are starving. There was no one in the shop — no one in the street; the bread, for whose want he was perishing, stood before him in tempting piles; and so near the door! nothing could be easier than to slip in and carry off one little loaf; no one would see him, no one would ever know it. For a moment he wavered, and advanced a step; then he drew back. During his recent illnesses the lessons which his mother had imprinted on his mind in childhood, the precepts of that holy volume which she had made her guide through life, and the words which he had so often heard the clergyman utter in the pulpit, had all wrought powerfully upon his heart, and were not without their fruits. No, he would not yield to the temptation; a few days sooner or later it might be that he died, but he would not prolong his existence by dishonesty. Resolutely, though with trembling limbs, he walked away, and turning into a sort of lane, sat down beneath a wall. The worst seemed to have come at last; he had begged in vain, he would not steal, nothing remained now but to starve. Presently a man came down the lane whistling. As he came near he walked

slower and looked at Drewatt. The latter knew him well; he was a native of his village, who, having been imprisoned for theft, had on his return been driven away by the general insult and avoidance; and *he* had been one to show his contempt for the convicted thief — how his heart smote him at the recollection! The other stopped and gazed on him for a moment, ere he could fully recognize the sadly altered face, then exclaiming, "Is this you, Dick Drewatt?" extended his hand, which was clasped most eagerly. "You don't avoid me *now!*" observed the same speaker, with a smile. Drewatt burst into tears: bodily weakness and conflicting feelings subdued him to such unmanly emotion. "Nay, I did not mean to vex you," continued his former acquaintance, with a kindly roughness, at the same time sitting down by him. "I should be the last man to pick holes in anybody's jacket."

"But I am *not* guilty," said Drewatt, earnestly.

"So we all say," replied the other, with some bitterness, "only the world won't believe us. So I told the court; but they paid no respect to my assertions, — they never do. It 's a good job that they did not find you guilty, and hang you up like a dog that was not worth a place among the living."

"It might have been as well as giving the dog an ill name," remarked Drewatt, mournfully.

"Ay — so that's it? Well, tell me all about it; I am not so bad or so reckless as I appear, and am earning my living honestly. But first come along, and let us have a pint of beer, and a slice of beef, too; you don't look as if they would hurt you: fretting and fearing won't keep a man alive."

After that welcome meal, it was a blessing to the persecuted man to pour forth without reserve the detail of his sorrows, his disappointments, and his misfortunes, to one who would not scorn, or mock, or shrink from him. The recital was listened to with an air of sympathy which could not be assumed, and the first words of genuine consolation and encouragement, from one who knew his actual circumstances, were uttered by the man whom in brighter days he had contemned. In return for Drewatt's narrative, his old acquaintance, Martin, related somewhat of his own experience of the world since he had quitted their native village — how want of character had stood in his way, and how, recognized when he least desired, that evil had been eclipsed by a character for dishonesty — how the only classes that had welcomed him were those which no companionship nor example could corrupt, and the only promising way of gaining his live-

lihood was by disreputable means. He told how easy he found it to sink, how difficult to rise, how hard to extricate himself from the moral quicksands ready to engulf him; how he had striven, and how constantly the sincerity of his efforts had been discredited. But the love of evil had not been in his heart; and resolutely disentangling himself from its temptations, he had set forward on the more stony path. Destitute of a trade, having been the factotum of the hamlet's only shop, he had at first earned his subsistence as a bricklayer's laborer; but the work was hard and the wages were small, and having some inkling of the craft of basket-maker, he had attempted it with sufficient success to induce him to stick to it altogether.

"It makes a fair enough living, one week with another," he concluded, "and making a little allowance for disagreeable thoughts, I am as happy as possible. You met me in a very merry humor to-day, for I've sold all my stock, and that's always a piece of good fortune to rejoice at. And now you must come with me; my little room will hold us both, and when we get richer we shall have a better lodging."

"But how am I, at least, to get richer?" asked Drewatt sadly. "I'm not strong enough for a bricklayer's laborer, and could not even make a basket."

"But you 'll soon be strong enough to be a capital workman, as you know you are by rights," said Martin cheerfully; "and then you can make something more to the purpose than a basket. I once heard of a man who made a very large fortune, and he began by putting a common wooden box outside his door. Don't you think a table or a chair might do as well? So, cheer up, Dick, my boy, we 'll be well to do in the world some day! Only get rid of that unlucky name of yours, which would be enough to condemn a saint. We must christen you over again; what shall it be? nothing out of the common way. Ah, Joseph Richards will do, and not seem so strange to you either. So now come home with me, and a good sleep will soon set you all to rights."

A few days, with food and rest, and the cheerful companionship of Martin, did wonders in recruiting Richard's shattered health; and as soon as he was capable, he put his friend's plan in execution. A few articles, of the best construction which the materials Martin could afford to buy and the tools he could borrow or buy permitted, invited, not without success, the purchase of the passenger; and as they were converted into money, others of superior description filled their place; until at the year's end the two friends were enabled to hire a shop, a very hum-

ble one truly, but still a place where the articles produced by their joint industry might be exposed for sale to better advantage, and in greater quantity, than before. As we have already intimated, Richard was a very superior workman; and as Martin also displayed no small ingenuity and taste in the fabrication of his lighter wares, their competition with establishments of longer standing and higher pretensions gradually increased in success, and their receipts in value, the greater portion of which their steady and frugal habits enabled them to employ in the improvement of their business, so that in three or four years more they were sufficiently prosperous to take a large shop in one of the best streets in the town. Here might be seen through one window a crowd of highly finished and fashionable furniture, while the other displayed Martin's baskets, and a hundred other elegant trifles for use or ornament, which the partners had deemed it advisable to add to their stock in trade.

At this time, likewise, their household received an addition in the person of one whom Richard had little expected ever to welcome to his home. But though worldly affairs had prospered, all else had not gone so happily with him in the interval, and he had grieved deeply to hear of his mother's death, which his own evil name had hastened. And she had gone down to the grave,

though blessing him, still mourning over his presumed delinquencies, and in that thought there was bitterness unspeakable. Poor Kate, thus left alone in the village, with none to love her, none to whom she could cling for support and comfort in her desolation, had yet at first declined her brother's request to join him. But when she came to seek the means of providing for her own subsistence, the fact of Richard's relationship paralyzed her efforts. It had been her wish to procure a place, no matter as what, anything for which she was fit, no matter with rich or poor, so it was with somebody respectable. But though not so plainly intimated, the truth was clear enough to her comprehension, no one would have her brother's sister in their house; and, in the end, that brother's entreaties and arguments prevailed, and Kate took up her abode beneath his roof. Here then she found again, and through him, that respect in the world's eyes, of which he had been the means of depriving her. Taught somewhat, also, by her own slight experience, of the hardships which had so nearly crushed Richard forever, what he must have suffered, Kate felt that his punishment had been adequate almost to his imputed crime; and recognizing in his struggles to regain his lost position, and in the uniform exemplary conduct and probity which had secured the good-will and opinion of

his fellow-townsmen, the unfeigned desire of well-doing, she found esteem and approbation mingling once more with the affection which had clung to him through all his darkest hours. She no longer shrunk from him now, but strove to make the past forgotten in the present — perhaps there were times when she even deemed that past might have been misinterpreted, and that public opinion had condemned him wrongfully. However, the expression of her sentiments was little called for, as the days gone by were but rarely spoken of in that house; there was to all much in their events to which they would not that the very walls should listen, and they were usually allowed to rest in silence well nigh as deep as though they never had existed.

The same care and frugality as of old still characterized the household, to an extent beyond what circumstances might appear to call for; but not merely did its members feel little disposition for amusement or luxury, but not knowing on how precarious a tenure their present prosperity might be held, all were anxious to place themselves above the danger of that helpless penury to which they had seen that general aversion could so easily reduce them. Thus a dentist occupied the best rooms; and Kate, with Martin's assistance, attended the shop, while Richard, glad to escape the necessity of often

entering it, industriously pursued his occupation, in which he was now able to employ two or three men and apprentices. Perhaps he might have hoped that, thrown so much together as they were, a kinder sentiment than friendship would grow up between his sister and Martin, thinking that a marriage between those who knew so much about each other's circumstances that time could scarcely reveal anything to their disparagement, would be, as matters stood, the best thing that could occur. However, there seemed little probability of such an event; on the contrary, Kate Richards, as she now was named, soon attracted the admiration of a respectable young tradesman, considerably to the embarrassment and vexation of her brother, who foresaw nothing but evil arising out of this attachment, however it might end; since, whatever might prove Kate's decision, it was evident that the young man was not in himself disagreeable to her.

One day Richard had been called into the shop to receive directions about some furniture which was to be made to order, and he was still loitering when three persons entered. The first glance recognized the pretty owner of the little green silk bag, and though he did not make himself known, he could not think of retiring. She was accompanied by a younger female, and a

person who evidently either was, or soon would be, the husband of one of them, since it was very obvious that they were selecting furniture for their best rooms, and also that it was the first time of furnishing at all. From her evincing most interest in the matter, Richard — somewhat oddly — at once set down his acquaintance of an hour as the bride then or to be. And yet the idea vexed him, though he felt that there was no just reason for its doing so; for what could it be to him? At length the bright eyes of his way-side friend were turned on him; she half started, and in a moment looked again — he could not appear unconscious, and she exclaimed with the same lively frankness which had marked her demeanor of old, "Surely, sir, I 've seen you before? Was it not you that once gave me the purse I had lost?"

This recognition met a cordial response, and in a few minutes the whole party were talking as though they had known each other for months. And in a little while Richard had learned by what chance he had again encountered Mary Hope, for in her lot also there had been changes. Her father was dead, and her sister being about to make an exceedingly good match, by marrying a tradesman just set up for himself in that very town, they had persuaded Mary to give up the situation which she still held, and come to

live with them for altogether. And so she was neither married nor to be married; yet, again, what should that be to him? Did he not feel that a viewless barrier divided him and his from the rest of the world? Had he not regarded with pain the possibility of an attachment between Kate and one otherwise well suited to her? and if such considerations weighed in her case, should they not weigh a hundred times more heavily in his own? Alas! the prudence and foresight which had before been watchful, slumbered now that his own feelings required their utmost vigilance. Brought in contact with the only woman whose face had ever lingered in his memory as a fair thing to be treasured, he yielded to the fascination, thoughtlessly seeking her presence, and cultivating the willing friendship of her relatives, until, ere he had once reflected on consequences, he was so deeply attached, that it would indeed have needed a powerful effort to break the charm which bound him. But no such effort did he make; hope whispered sweetly, and he listened but too willing to be persuaded, as she argued the improbability of misfortune again assailing him, or evil report once more casting its shadow over his path, and blighting the happiness of those allied to him; and set forth the folly of throwing aside the proffered blessings of his lot, through dread of mere unlikely possibili-

ties. A scene seemed spread before his eyes of cloudless joy and felicity — of his sister and himself tasting that happiness of which they had once thought to have taken leave forever — united to those they loved, and enjoying the gifts of fortune, and the respect and friendship of their acquaintance. He could not turn from the enchanting vision, he would not repel it; but resigned himself to its contemplation, to the almost total forgetfulness of the thunder-cloud which might burst over him when least expected, destroying all his brilliant hopes, and bidding Mary and his sister's lover upbraid and scorn both him and Kate.

Thus matters went on; Richard heeded not that Kate was on the very point of uniting herself to one who knew not her father's name, still less suspected her brother's character; he heeded not that he had himself all but asked Mary Hope to be his bride. He had made up his mind to fearlessness; to be happy, and tremble not at shadows. He was in this mood one day walking with Martin, who had not a little contributed to his satisfied frame of mind, when a stage-coach passed to its place of stopping, but a little way off. Richard at once turned deadly pale. "I am lost!" he said. "A man on that coach has recognized me, and I know well what will follow."

"But are you certain?" asked his friend.

"Ay, certain enough. I saw he recollected me as well as I did him. He was a fellow-apprentice of mine, and one of the witnesses whose evidence, though true, went so unfortunately against me. We were friends of old, and he spoke kindly of me on the trial; but that is nothing; I have learned the extent of such friendship, and know I shall be ruined. Fool that I was, to think it would be otherwise! If I had not been a fool indeed, what misery might not have been spared me!"

"Then let us hurry home," said Martin. "By keeping in-doors a day or two, he may never find you out."

"It is too late," replied Richard, glancing round, and there sure enough was his old friend hastening after them, though to his surprise with outstretched hand, and friendly air. His greeting, too, was friendly, and betokened much pleasure at meeting Richard so obviously improved in circumstances.

It was impossible to avoid asking Berry to accompany them home, and, in fact, Richard felt as though it would be in vain to struggle against the inevitable ruin now closing round him. On their way, Berry addressed Drewatt by that now unwonted name. "That name is unknown here," said he, sadly, "to all except this friend

who is now with me. Whatever you may do afterwards, do not call me by it to-day!"

Berry understood his meaning instantly, and answered rather to it than to his words. "Do not fear me, Dick, I never will betray you; I know what you have suffered. I, for one, believe you innocent, and am delighted to find, as must be the case if this place is yours, that all this knocking about has done you no harm in the end."

Richard led him into the shop without replying, for though this declaration had for the time reassured him, he remembered but too bitterly all that persecution had already cost him. After a few hours of equally friendly communion, Berry left them, and Richard knew that his secret still was safe, that his identity with a person whom he had heard mentioned even by them was yet unsuspected by his fellow-townsmen. But the satisfaction this gave him was of but short duration. He had been rudely awakened from his dream, and his eyes would not reclose, but remained open to the precipice on whose brink both Katherine and himself were standing. The slightest breath might dash them down, and what right had they to drag with them others who were unconscious of their danger. Kate also was aroused from the pleasant visions *she* had indulged in; but that he knew not, nor dared he

at that moment disturb her tranquillity with these considerations he had himself so long forgotten. It was his own conduct, with respect to poor Mary Hope, which most forcibly struck on his conscience, and called forth his remorseful feeling. Had he not, heedless of the misery it might bring upon her, striven to win her affection, and of late thought he had succeeded? Lovely, amiable, and gentle-hearted as she was, was this all to which his love for her had tended? Deeply guilty as he felt towards her, no reparation was possible; but his past conduct could not be persevered in, and he at once made up his mind as to his course.

On the evening after encountering Berry, he went to her sister's house and asked Mary to take a walk with him. She complied, and they gained the open country the nearest way, almost in silence, Mary catching somewhat of the contagion of her companion's grave demeanor, which greatly aroused her wonder. At length, when they were far from the noise and bustle of the town, Richard began to tell her of his attachment, of how truly and fervently he loved her, and how that feeling had grown to be the one thing ruling both thought and action. Earnestly, even eloquently, he spoke, for his heart was with his words; and Mary listened, as perhaps few girls have listened to such a tale; for though it

was pleasant to her ears, there was something in the speaker's manner which seemed to cast the foreshadowing of coming evil over her spirit, and all other emotions were mastered by a nameless fear. When he paused, she looked up and would have spoken, but he prevented her. "You have yet more to hear," he said; "you have to hear much, Mary, which my love for you could alone extenuate. But I do not try to excuse it; I know how wrong and basely I have acted, and I do not ask for pardon. Let us sit here, and in a few moments you shall know all."

Pale and trembling, Mary sat down at the foot of the tree he indicated, while Richard placed himself near. He then went on to tell how a dark cloud had settled over his name, and blighted his character, and how it had injured those who were then dearest to him; he sketched his fate since that unfortunate period, and finally he told her his name and the crime with which he had been charged, and with which her memory had instantly connected it. Mary's face was hidden by her hands, and the tears flowed fast through her fingers. They seemed to fall like drops of molten lead upon his heart. "And now, Mary," said he, rising, "you know all You know why I dare not now ask you to share my miserable doom; but you cannot know how, madly adoring you, I was induced to believe my-

self beyond the reach of danger, and therefore in my blindness thought to win you for my wife. All the guilt of that deception I now feel and confess; I know I have behaved like a brute and a villain; and yet the knowledge that you will hate and despise me is almost punishment enough."

"Hear me, Richard Drewatt," exclaimed Mary, as she rose also, and dashed the blinding tear-drops from her eyes; "for once I will call you by that name, to tell you that, from all I have known and heard of you, from all you have suffered and withstood, I believe you to be as guiltless of that terrible crime as I am myself. I cannot blame your conduct; I know not if it was prudent; but I cannot wish you had done otherwise. And why should you so despond? you have not done evil, and good is sure to triumph at the last. Why should you be certain of misfortune, when it may never reach you? Safe and undisturbed, as you have lived here so long, you may remain; every year added to your age would lessen the danger of discovery, and at best or at worst, come weal or woe, Mary Hope is willing to share it with you, if you will let her!"

Richard's first emotion was one of rapturous delight at this unexpected declaration. But with reflection came wiser and more generous thoughts; he remembered that with her feelings

so wrought upon, she was incapable of judging calmly, and he dared not accept a sacrifice so rashly offered. He told her this, and bade her take time to weigh and consider, ere she pledged herself, in word or thought, to share the fortunes of one so strangely situated. Mary yielded to his arguments, but feared no change in her resolve, nor that the appointed space of a week would leave her less inclined to repeat the pledge he now refused.

On his return, Kate's eyes told Richard she had been weeping bitterly, and inquiry elicited that she had dismissed the lover, in whose keeping her heart was left. And this too was his doing; another evil of his lot. He was deeply grieved, and besought her to allow him to speak to the young man in explanation, that there might at least be no ill-will between them. But she would not hear of it, her dread of contempt was too torturing; and he could scarcely win her to regard with patience his intention of doing so, should Mary Hope's feelings remain unaltered by reflection.

The week was nearly ended when Richard received a communication from a clergyman, requesting him to visit the death-bed of one who had greatly injured him, and wished his forgiveness ere he died. The clergyman added, that the injury he would find in part repaired. Ap-

parently intended to prevent an excess of pleasant emotion, this letter raised expectations Richard almost feared to indulge in; and half doubting whether, after all, it might not be merely some person who had wronged him of a few pounds, he obeyed the summons without delay. Twenty miles were soon passed over; but he arrived barely in time to hear the self-accusing confession of Berry, who, irritated by a sudden quarrel, had committed that crime for which he had himself been tried; to comfort the parting and deeply repentant spirit with his forgiveness, and close the eyes of his former friend, who, run over by a wagon, thus died a death of lingering agony. The full and complete confession had, however, been already signed and attested; and in a few days it was known all over England, that the supposed murderer was innocent, and that the actual criminal no longer lived.

That very evening saw Drewatt enter the house of Mary's sister. The true-hearted girl met him with the frank smile and ready welcome which bespoke a changeless heart. "I have come to you," he said —

"To find me still the same," she added. "There is no change in me, Richard; nor shall be to the latest hour of my life."

"Nay, it was not that brought me here," he

continued, "I should not have so forestalled the time. But were I alone concerned, your trust and truth might well make me happier than the tidings which I bring, that it is not a wretch shrinking from the knowledge of his fellow-creatures, but one who can fearlessly hold up his head in the company of honest men, who now thanks you for that confidence."

And very thankful he was for that power; thankful not merely that the stigma under which he had so long languished was removed; but even more, that in all his sufferings, and all his trials, he had never yielded to the temptation of doing aught which would now have embittered his happiness, and left his reputation sullied by his own evil act, when the shadow of misfortune had been withdrawn. It was a proud day for Richard Drewatt, when his own rightful name, untarnished and uncontemned, was placed above his door. But it was yet a prouder, when at the altar he received Mary's hand, and gave his sister's to a worthier and a richer lover than the one of whom his evil name had robbed her.

"I have much to thank you for," said he to Martin, some time afterwards. "Our common prosperity is entirely owing to your cheerfulness, perseverance, and foresight, which prevented two innocent men sinking beneath the blind injustice of the world."

"Why do you not say innocent *man?*" demanded his partner bluntly. "You are proved so, but I am not."

"But I feel you are as innocent as myself; I do not wait for proof, nor must we hope for it. Strangely as this exculpation has come to me, to you it is almost impossible."

"It would indeed be impossible!" said Martin; "for I am *not* innocent. No, Drewatt," he continued with some bitterness, "I was guilty of all they said; but they never asked by what temptation I fell. My sister was starving, and was too proud to beg, and I had sent her everything I had. Think, Dick, if you knew that Kate was starving! However, my theft did not save her, and she died, thank God, without knowing of it! But for all that, because I had erred once, I was not worthless, though very nearly I became so. Ay, Dick, it was *once*, then; but injustice, necessity, and the impossibility of earning my living honestly, made me do things afterwards which gladly, very gladly, would I forget. And difficult, indeed, was it to get on the right path, after my feet had, as it were, become glued to the wrong one. But I did it at last, and *you* could not guess how many temptations I had to resist and conquer. But I always hated myself when I did evil, though people made me do it, by pretending that I loved it. Ah, Richard! should

you ever have a child to educate, teach him not merely not to condemn too rashly, lest he overwhelm the innocent with the punishment of the guilty; but teach him, also, that even the guilty may often be as deserving of his pity as his censure; tell him that misfortune is the parent of more crimes than is a wicked heart; tell him that even the fallen should retain some claim to the forbearance of a fallen race; and bid him, at least, leave the way to reformation open, and drive not the unhappy wretch from evil to worse, and, worst of all, to the fellowship and example of those who are ever ready to seize on fresh pupils, and become tutors in crime."

STANZAS.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE is the gay melodious voice,
O where the mirthful tone,
That bade my kindred soul rejoice,
In hours forever gone?
Forever gone! — ay, — with that name
A thousand memories throng, —
The gentle look, the soothing word,
The silvery laugh and song!

The lofty hall, and trellised bower,
Where waved the stately plume,
And brightly glanced the midnight gem,
And flowers breathed rich perfume, —
They flash o'er memory's darkened eye,
Like lightnings through a storm,
And with them starts to claim a sigh
Each well-known friendly form.

No soft lamp pours its silvery ray
Through yon proud chamber's gloom, —
All silent is the mouldering way
Where censers breathed perfume;

But still resound the lark's sweet notes
Amid these scenes so fair,
And still on morning's wing she floats
To woo the fragrant air!

Though cold be beauty's crimson cheek,
And dim her laughing brow,
And her blue eye no more bespeak
A mind as pure as snow,—
Yet still the rose blooms wild around,
The queen of Eastern flowers,—
And still the clashing waves resound
Beside the forest bowers!

But hushed is music's mirthful voice,
And silent is each tone,
That bade my kindred soul rejoice
In hours forever gone!—
And nature's sights are nothing now—
A leaf or breath of air—
Unless, departed friends! with you
Their glory I can share.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

BY MISS ELIZA A. STARR.

THE wild asters and the golden-rod,
In their beauty and their prime,
With the sunlight on their mingling leaves,
In the bright September time;
In copse, in glen, by the wood-paths green,
And in every lonely place,
The asters bloom, and the golden-rod,
Like a smile on nature's face.

When the ripened corn is gathering in,
And the days are warm and bright —
When the orchard casts its mellow fruit,
In the mild autumnal light —
When the maple tops and the sumach leaves
Are flushed with a crimson stain —
The asters still, and the golden-rod,
Stand fresh on meadow and plain.

When the shivering leaves drop sear and dry
To the chill brown earth to rest,
And the summer flowers, with pale, meek brow,
Lie dead on its desolate breast —
That saddest time in the long, bright year,
When the harvest fields are bare,

The asters wild and the golden-rod
In the sunshine cold are there.

The autumn wind and the autumn rain —
But they nod and nod the while —
And when the wind and the rain are past,
Look forth with a quiet smile,
From copse, and glen, and wood-paths drear,
And the cold, damp leaves among,
With a golden crest and star-bright eye,
To welcome a smiling sun.

The aster wild and the golden-rod, —
The last of a gentle race,
That budded and bloomed, then passed away
To a lonely resting place —
That budded and bloomed, then died, — yet each
Of those frail and lovely flowers
Its meek destiny of love wrought out
In the joyous summer hours.

And they, the last of a sisterhood —
The aster and golden-rod —
That seem in the chastened autumn light
The lingering smile of God!
O bear they not to the secret springs
Of our mournful autumn feeling,
A kindly mission of hope and trust,
Life's sad mysteries revealing?

PLIGHTED TROTH.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"FATHERS have flinty hearts, — no tears can move them," said a dark-eyed, sentimental-looking young man, after relating at full length the terrible fact that his respected sire had refused his consent to his immediate marriage.

"And uncles are much worse," said the lady of his love; "I have always detested uncles since I read the Children in the Wood: uncles and guardians are individually disagreeable, and what may not be expected when they are united in one?"

"Nothing very appalling," said a quiet, lady-like person, *un peu passée*, who sat knitting in the back-ground; "our uncle was my guardian as well as yours, Ella, and you know that, although I have possessed my legal liberty eleven years, I have voluntarily continued to make his house my home."

"But you have no heart, and never had one," said Ella Winfield; "and my uncle's son was a school-boy when you were a ward, and you had

no fear of being trepanned into a marriage with him."

"Neither need you," said Cousin Kate, as she was generally called. "Edward Arnold has never even seen you; when you came to reside with his father he was in Portugal."

"And is it not very odd that he should be returning just now?"

"Not at all; he has terminated the business which took him abroad, and of course his father is desirous of his society and his services in England."

"Well, it appears to me very dreadful to marry the son of one's guardian."

"Nevertheless," said Cousin Kate, "many wards have thought differently. Miss Burney's Cecilia, for instance, whom I doubt not you will admit as far higher authority than any damsel in real life, married the son of her guardian, and gave up her large fortune to be united to him. But you must not be alarmed, Mr. Medwin," she continued, turning kindly to the dark-eyed young man, "at Ella's visions of horror; we will guard her in perfect safety for you."

"Cruel mockery!" exclaimed Medwin, striking his forehead after the most approved melodramatic fashion. "I shall fall a broken-hearted victim to the tyranny of my father."

"Surely I misunderstand you," said Cousin

Kate; "I had imagined that your father and Mr. Arnold had given their consent to your union with Ella, provided that at the end of six months each party continued in the same mind."

"But how are we to exist during this tedious age of separation?" asked Medwin: "we are prohibited from corresponding with each other, and we are not to be suffered even to consider ourselves engaged."

"There is nothing in a name," said Cousin Kate; "if your attachment should continue to the end of six months, it will be of little importance whether your relatives recognized your engagement or not."

"*If* it should continue," exclaimed Medwin, reproachfully; "how unfeeling a doubt!—but you, Ella, do me more justice."

"I do," replied Ella, in tears; "we have plighted our troth to each other; and this must be our consolation in absence. I hope I shall live to receive your permitted visit at my uncle's house this day six months, if not—"

"I shall not long survive you," said Medwin.

Cousin Kate continued knitting with great apathy during the whole of this affectionate colloquy; but Ella did not resent her want of feeling. Cousin Kate was thirty-two, and the beauty of seventeen concluded that she had outlived all sentiment and sensibility; besides, she retained

no girlish airs and graces; she sported half caps, half-high dresses, and numerous other appointments, which are considered characteristic of the "half young lady;" she had passed, two years ago, from the "beautiful" of book-muslin and roses to the "sublime" of black satin and blond, and her young friends had stamped her with the dreaded title of an old maid. To Cousin Kate, however, the appellation brought no terrors, for every one knew that she bore it from choice. Men, say what we will of them, have generally tact enough to find out the recommendations of such women as decidedly unite sound sense, sweetness of temper, and good principle; and Cousin Kate, with an indifferent person, a small share of accomplishments, and a property of a hundred a-year, had refused half a dozen of the best matches in the neighborhood.

"How I wish you had a more sympathizing friend," whispered Medwin to Ella; "but I have precisely the same trial; Sutherland does nothing but laugh at me."

"I shall always value Mr. Sutherland," said Ella, "because he introduced you to our acquaintance; but, alas! he cannot understand you. I have no doubt he speaks on the subject exactly like Cousin Kate, and thinks the conduct of your father and my uncle everything that is just and considerate."

"Precisely so," answered Medwin, with a sigh. "When people advance in years, they confound all distinctions of right and wrong, and lose all sense of trouble or pleasure; — but would we exchange our feelings for theirs?"

"Surely not," said Ella.

"I would not change the miseries of love
For all the world calls happiness."

Medwin disdained to reply to Ella's apt quotation in plain prose, and forthwith responded,—

"Know'st thou two hearts by love subdued —
Ask them which fate they covet — whether
Health, joy, and life in solitude,
Or sickness, grief, and death together."

How many more hackneyed quotations the lovers might have perpetrated, and how much more original nonsense they might have talked it is impossible to say, had not Sutherland at this moment entered the room.

Sutherland was a good-looking, gentlemanly, middle-aged man; he had been slightly acquainted, in London, with Medwin and his father, and when he met with the former at a particularly stupid watering-place, he was glad to improve his knowledge of him, and also to introduce him to the family of Mr. Arnold, with whom he had been intimate for many years. A dull watering-place is the most favorable locality in the world for losing the heart; and Suther-

land, when he saw the many enamored pairs on the pier and cliffs, could not help recalling the words of Rasselas; "Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love, when in truth they were only idle!" He felt rather annoyed, however, at Medwin's palpable devotion to Ella Winfield, having himself been the cause of their introduction to each other, and he was much relieved when the senior Mr. Medwin came down to join his son, held a conference with Mr. Arnold, and finally came to the conclusion with which my readers are already acquainted, that the young people were to undergo six months' probation before receiving formal permission to render each other happy or miserable for life.

"Medwin, your father is waiting for you; all is ready for your departure," said Sutherland. Ella sobbed bitterly, and Medwin whispered to her —

"True constancy no time, no power, can move;
He that hath known to change ne'er knew to love."

"How long will this violent attachment last?" whispered Sutherland, with a satirical smile, to Cousin Kate; "tell me —

'What day next week the eternity will end?'"

And Cousin Kate, finding that poetical quotation was the order of the day, and determined

not to be outdone, looked up from her knitting, and made the Shaksperean rejoinder—

"Briefly die their joys
" Who place them on the truth of girls and boys!"

Mr. Arnold took his niece a short round of the watering-places before returning home; he was really fond of her, and really wished to have her for a daughter-in-law; perhaps he liked her pretty face, perhaps her pretty fortune, perhaps the ties of kindred assisted him to be patient with her follies, perhaps he detected the good will and kindness of heart of which she was in reality possessed, beneath the outward embroidery of romance and affectation; at all events, he wished to restore her spirits, and reinstate himself in her good graces. All, however, was in vain. Ella went to Ramsgate, and fixed herself like an enchanted lady in a chair on the beach, till she was in imminent danger of being carried out to sea in the midst of a tender reverie. At Margate she could only wonder that there were people in the world with hearts sufficiently easy, and minds sufficiently disengaged, to take pleasure in raffling for work-boxes and tea-caddies, and listening to ballads at bathing-rooms. At Herne Bay, she felt a momentary interest in going to look at the "magic car," associating it with reminiscences of the Arabian Nights Entertainments;

but the sight of the cumbrous vehicle thus elaborately designated, quickly rectified her impressions, and she certainly felt relieved when a letter from home summoned her uncle to return thither, even although it came in consequence of the sudden arrival of her much-dreaded cousin. Mr. Arnold lived about twenty miles from London; his villa and grounds appeared all space, bloom, fragrance, and comfort, after the confined lodging-house and scorching shingles of the marine desert they had quitted, and Ella could not feel quite so unhappy as she had promised herself to be. Her cousin was a handsome and agreeable young man, but so far from oppressing her with admiration, he was quite unheedful of her, and directed his whole attention to Cousin Kate; he could not mean anything by it, he could not really be in love with a woman six years older than himself, who had been winning hearts while he was playing at marbles; but still it was provoking to be treated as a child and a supernumerary.

"I am taking my first lesson of neglect," she observed with pique to Cousin Kate, "and I do not find the study agreeable."

"Rather say," replied that lady, "that you are taking your first lesson on the folly of unjust suspicions; neither my uncle nor his son, you

must allow, show any symptoms of having destined you to a marriage of compulsion."

Ella next addressed her uncle: "I am afraid my cousin Edward has taken a decided dislike to me," she said.

"Very likely he has," replied Mr. Arnold, coolly; "but dislike may be sooner overcome than indifference. Take heed, Ella, how you cause him to go from one extreme to the other."

But Ella did not "take heed;" she had constantly flowers to be tended, pens to be mended, pencils to be cut, silk to be wound, and music to be copied, in all of which she craved the aid of her cousin Edward in tones so winning and persuasive, that he must have been hard-hearted indeed to have been deaf to her entreaties. His dislike was overcome; she became his favorite companion, and Cousin Kate, rivalled, but not mortified, quietly betook herself again to her books and her knitting.

Medwin returned with his father to London: it appeared a dreary prison-house to him, and the garden of Bedford Square had never seemed so insufferably dingy and dusty; he filled a quire of paper with love-fraught verses, and played none but the most doleful ditties on his flute. His sister complained that he had become a dull and dispirited companion, and protested that she

felt quite an aversion to Ella Winfield for having altered him so much for the worse.

"You shall soon see my school-friend, Araminta Staples," she said to him, on the third week after his return; "papa has allowed me to invite her to stay with me; I dare say you will forget your watering-place goddess in half an hour after your introduction to her."

Piqued by this prediction, Medwin resolved to dislike Araminta Staples very much, picturing her to himself as an inveterate school girl, with red elbows, a passion for thick bread and butter, and an unremitting giggle. Miss Staples, however, proved to be a handsome, pleasing, and unaffected girl, and her style of beauty was much more accordant with Medwin's real taste than that of Ella Winfield; she was an animated, sparkling brunette, with jetty ringlets and a brilliant color, and Medwin felt disposed to say with Lord Byron —

"Who for paler dames would seek?
How poor their forms appear, how languid, wan, and weak!"

Medwin's father also gave the decided preference to the claims of Miss Staples over those of Miss Winfield; her fortune was rather better; Ella had seven thousand pounds, while Araminta, as the old gentleman facetiously observed, could "stretch an octave!" — besides, her lively, easy

manners were very agreeable to him: she had, as he emphatically declared, "no nonsense about her," a phrase of which I profess myself utterly incapable of understanding the meaning, but which I conclude means a great deal, from the spirit and energy with which elderly gentlemen are wont to pronounce this mysterious panegyric on their favorites. Araminta, too, could "strike an octave" to the satisfaction of the son as well as of the father; not that she was more musical than Ella, — in fact she was much less so, — but Ella had a fine voice, and thought her time lost in playing anything but an accompaniment to her own singing. Medwin played the flute very indifferently, and could not venture to destroy Ella's sweet and scientific singing by his performance; while Araminta, who did not sing at all, and whose playing was confined to waltzes and quadrilles, was perfectly satisfied to sit at the piano for hours, while Medwin mounted guard by her side with his flute in his hand, accompanying her in all the easy passages, and indulging himself with a gratuitous "rest" when a difficult one happened to occur. Araminta was also very fond of poetry; Medwin looked over his quire of paper to find some effusions worthy of her attention. He gave the preference to some stanzas headed, "To her who will understand them;" but he had extolled blue eyes

and auburn locks in the third and fourth lines; he could not expunge them, but he could alter the description to dark eyes and raven locks, and he forthwith did so. The verses were favorably received: Miss Staples was asked to prolong her visit, and consented to do so; the members of the family circle were perfectly cheerful and contented with each other, and the garden of Bedford Square, enlivened by the companionship of the "dark-eyed maid," appeared to Medwin a most exquisite promenade in comparison with the rough shingles and barren rocks characterizing the scene of his plighted troth.

Six months had exactly elapsed since the separation of Medwin and Ella. Medwin, accompanied by his friend Sutherland, was travelling down by the railroad to the residence of Ella's uncle; no other person entered the carriage which they had selected, and they conversed in perfect freedom.

"This railroad pace is delightful for lovers," said Sutherland, glancing rather mischievously at the woe-begone countenance of Medwin.

"Delightful for true, but not for truant lovers," responded Medwin, with a deep sigh. "After all, I think I had better have written to Ella."

"I do not think so," said Sutherland; "you promised to be at Mr. Arnold's house on this

day, and because you have broken your promise in a great matter, there is no need that you should break it in a small one."

"But what a confession I have to make!" said Medwin; "who could have predicted it?"

"*I* did from the very first," said Sutherland.

"It amazes me, Sutherland," said Medwin, "how you contrive to keep clear of these scrapes; my father tells me that several ladies have lost their hearts to you."

"Perhaps so," answered Sutherland; "but I have not lost my heart to several ladies; and this circumstance may account for my freedom from those embarrassments of the affections which you denominate 'scrapes.'"

Medwin was silent for a few minutes. "Suppose Ella should attempt her life," he said; "she has told me that there is a deep fish-pond in the grounds of her uncle."

"Is there?" remarked Sutherland, quietly; "I shall then be more than ever rejoiced that we conveyed the news of your dereliction in person, because we can both assist in extricating her from the companionship of the carp and tench."

"You make yourself very merry, Sutherland, with the misfortunes of your friends."

"Nay, Medwin, in general you accuse me of being too wise rather than too merry; but you will allow that I have cause at present to be both

merry and wise; after devoting the flower of my youth to the drudgery of a public office on a slender stipend, I have been, as you are aware, just rewarded to the very extent of my hopes and wishes by a situation of eight hundred a year."

Medwin inclined his head in token of assent and congratulation, but inwardly thought that it was of very little consequence whether so confirmed an old bachelor as his friend had eight hundred or two hundred a year to live upon. The train stopped. Mr. Arnold's house appeared in sight, and Medwin led the way to it with a pace more resembling that of a boy "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school," than the flying steps of an impatient lover anxious to prove the inviolability of his plighted troth.

Ella and Cousin Kate sat together in a pretty, tasteful drawing-room, opening on a verandah gay with early flowers.

"How I dread the arrival of poor Medwin!" sighed Ella: "Sir Walter Scott says—

'What spectre can the charnel send
So dreadful as an injured friend?'

but an injured lover is by many degrees worse. Do you not think it likely that Medwin will challenge my dear Arnold?"

"Not at all," replied Cousin Kate, calmly; "and if he did, I am persuaded that your dear Arnold would refuse the invitation."

"I trust, however," said Ella, with anxiety, "that you have fulfilled your promise to me, and directed the pistols, and the fowling piece, and the old sword over the breakfast-room mantel-shelf, to be taken down and locked up."

"All is done to your wish, my dear," replied Cousin Kate; "nay, if you desire it, I will even lock up the little case of tortoise-shell pistols given to me last week by my uncle, from one of which proceeds a mother-of-pearl bodkin, and from the other a wrought gold toothpick: but hark! a ring at the garden gate; your slighted lover is advancing up the gravel walk; and now I can only offer to you, by way of consolation, the hackneyed assurance that the sooner a disagreeable interview begins, the sooner it will be over."

In a moment Medwin and Sutherland were in the room; hasty and embarrassed greetings were exchanged, and Cousin Kate, kindly desirous to shorten the troubles of Ella, stepped out into the verandah, summoned Sutherland to admire with her the beauty of a plant, and led him on to a flight of steps, from whence they descended into the garden, and confided to each other the follies and frivolities of their respective young friends. Meanwhile the plighted lovers cast furtive glances at each other; the gentleman twirled his hat, and the lady applied herself to her vinaigrette.

"My feelings, Miss Winfield," said Medwin at length, "may be better imagined than described."

"So may mine, I am sure," responded Ella in a low tone.

"Dreadful!" thought Medwin, "she is more passionately attached to me than ever. Constancy," he proceeded, "is praised and respected by all; but how melancholy is the reverse, how sad is the contemplation when the heart changes, when perhaps it even transfers its affections from one object to another!"

"Alas! alas!" said Ella to herself, "he has heard of my inconstancy, and is taking this method of showing how he scorns and despises me."

"What does a person deserve," asked Medwin, "who, after professing undying attachment for a first love, can in the course of a few months address the same fond protestations to a second; what, I say, does such a person deserve?'

"The scorn and abhorrence of the world," replied Ella with animation, determined not to attempt to screen herself, but to plead guilty to the most poignant accusations of her injured lover.

"Poor thing!" said Medwin aside, "she suspects that my meaning is personal; she is quite losing her command of temper —— You are

right," he replied; "such conduct is indeed indefensible; 'there is no killing like that which kills the heart;' and oh! what are the woes of sickness, poverty, or blighted fortune, compared with the agony of crushed hopes, slighted affections, wounded sensibility, and wasted tenderness? — Where can the deserted one repair for consolation? — the brilliant bubbles that sparkled on the waters of existence are broken — the — "

"Spare me, spare me!" sobbed Ella, "I cannot bear to hear you; it is too much for my feelings; I could fancy I was listening to Charles Phillips."

"She really has excellent taste and discernment, after all," thought Medwin; "I pity her more than ever —— Believe me, Miss Winfield," he continued, "that I sincerely esteem and admire you, and although unfortunately I love another — "

"You mean that unfortunately *I* love another," interrupted Ella with spirit.

"This is not a subject for jesting," said Medwin gravely; "I take shame to myself to acknowledge that I have been for three months engaged to my sister's friend, Miss Staples, — now, dear Miss Winfield, do not grow hysterical."

But Ella's joyous, irrepressible laughter had nothing hysterical about it.

"You have made me feel quite easy," she said, "respecting a confession that I am about to utter; we have been actuated by sympathetic inclinations, it is certain, for just about the time you mention I accepted the proposals of my uncle's son!"

"Can I believe my senses?" exclaimed Medwin; "after all your protestations, all your vows that you could never love but me, have you given your heart to another?"

"Those vows," replied the young lady, "were breathed with still more warmth by yourself, and why should you be surprised that I have followed your example in breaking them? Cousin Kate told me from the first that I never really loved you."

"And Sutherland," retorted the young gentleman with some irritation, "assured me this day six months, that he was certain I should forget you before the new moon became an old one."

Just then Cousin Kate and Sutherland, having reäscended the verandah, walked from it into the drawing-room, accompanied by Mr. Arnold and his son, who had joined them in the garden. Medwin exchanged a cordial greeting with his rival, and Edward Arnold inquired after the health of Miss Staples in a tone of interest which

showed that Sutherland had made him aware of the true position of affairs.

"All has turned out well," said Ella's uncle, "and I think the marriages had better take place as soon as possible; it is not fair to expose constancy to too severe a trial; I shall never place much trust in the plighted troth of young people."

"Nay," said Sutherland, advancing to him, and taking the unreluctant hand of Cousin Kate in his own, "permit me from experience to say a few words in defence of true lovers' vows. Ten years ago, Mr. Arnold, I first saw and loved your amiable and excellent niece: I told my love to her, and obtained from her an assurance that she returned it; she was then emancipated from all control; I also was an orphan, and had none to oppose my wishes; but we loved wisely at the same time that we loved well; we decided that our united incomes were inadequate to supply us with the comforts and conveniences of life; I had, however, favorable prospects of affluence; we plighted our troth, but we resolved not to expose ourselves to the prying scrutiny and obtrusive comments of our acquaintance by publicly appearing as a contracted couple; we each met with several opportunities of forming what the world calls a desirable connection, and we each declined such opportunities for the sake of the other; our letters and interviews were not frequent, but we

lived in hope; and absence, although it restrained the fervor of our love, did not diminish its tenderness. I had anticipated that in five years I should have attained the situation that I now hold; I have waited double that time; but for a bride like Kate, I would have willingly waited had the years been passed in pain and bondage. You have been contemplating two marriages, I trust you will not object to sanction a third, and that you will allow that we have carried on our courtship with as little trouble to our friends as any pair of lovers whom the county can produce."

"And have I accused you of being a confirmed old bachelor," said Medwin to Sutherland, "when you have been longing all the time to get married?"

"And have I told you that you never had a heart," said Ella to Cousin Kate, "when you had a much truer one than my own?"

"I too have many apologies to make," said the host; "I have frequently been in the habit of saying that constancy was like a ghost, — often talked of, but never seen; and I have not once had the courtesy to exempt the present company from my strictures. Henceforth, however, I shall compare it to an aloe which blooms once in a hundred years, and take great pride in boasting that my humble abode has been the

theatre of its development, and that I have this day witnessed the spectacle of a couple, who, having been contracted ten years, are at length happily enabled to marry without having in the time of probation broken or wished to break their 'Plighted Troth!'"

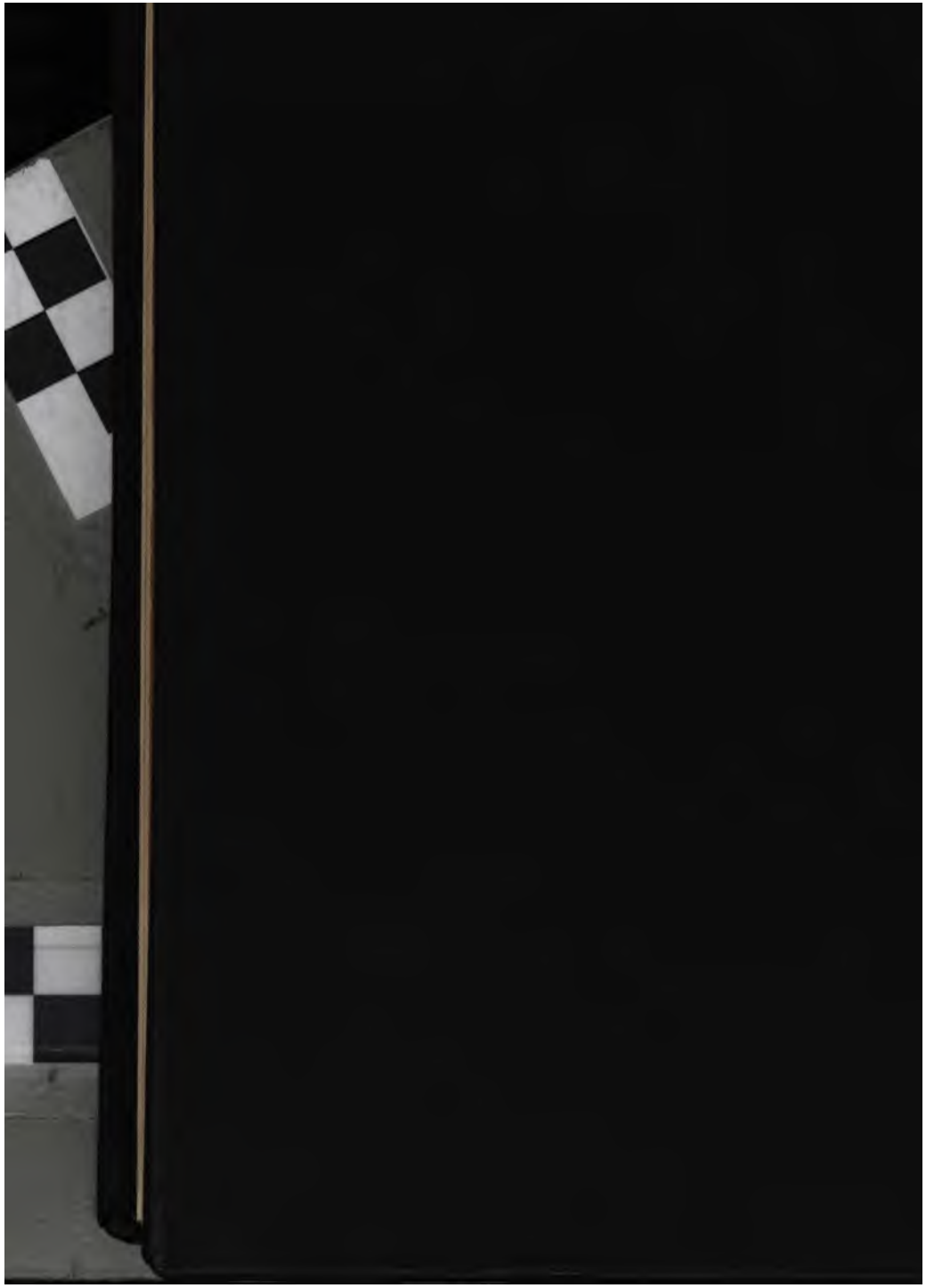
YOUNG THOUGHTS MAKE YOUNG HEARTS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

THINK not of the winter's cold
When the summer's breath is round thee;
Think not of the worth of gold
Ere its sordid wants have found thee.
Think not of the cautious art
Which guards yet petrifies the heart;
Nor, in thy youth, with darings bold,
Mix age's leaven, hard and cold;—
Old thoughts make young hearts old!

Take thy pleasure with free hands,—
Nor content thyself with viewing
Flowers and fruits, whose relish stands
As much in plucking as pursuing;
Deem not sunshine made, that thou
Should'st bar its brightness from thy brow;
Heaven hath lent us sweetness—light—
All that 's good, and fair, and bright,
As much for taste as sight!

Sorrow cometh soon enough—
Wisely should we seize each blessing
That comes to smooth life's journey rough,
With a joy in the possessing:—

Let our thoughts then turn as long
As e'er they can, to dance and song; —
To every feeling that imparts
Gleeful smiles by natural arts —
Young thoughts make young old hearts!

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